

Moles and super-moles

By Brian Montgomery

DAVID MURE:
Master of Deception
Tangled Webs in London and the
Middle East
231pp, William Kimber, £9.95,
07193 0237 5

"If you want to destroy a team, the best way is to become part of it." A senior officer of the Service—delivered this dictum during the Second World War, and David Mure has woven it into the fabric of his biography of the late Brigadier Dudley Clarke, whom he calls the "Master of Deception".

When I had read this book I wondered why the author appears intent mainly on pursuing an alleged Russian penetration of M15 and M16, particularly the former, from the 1930s onwards. For this he has drawn heavily on the published works of Andrew Boyle, Richard Deacon, and others; he emphasises not only the treachery of Burgess, Maclean, Philby, Blake, and Blunt, all Russian spies planted to destroy us from within, but also that other, undetected, traitors still operate within the security services.

Against this background, Mr Mure has pointed a finger at the late Guy Liddell, a distinguished and much revered officer of M15, as one of these traitors. Earlier this year the author was reported in a national newspaper as saying he had found "a chain of circumstances which, in my opinion, makes it certain that Liddell was a Russian agent". His allegations that in 1941 Liddell deliberately misrouted, to the FBI in America, certain secret intelligence which would have warned the United States about Japan's intention to attack Pearl Harbour. However, Mr Mure claims that if Liddell had channelled it to the American Chiefs of Staff then the Japanese would probably have attacked Russia, not the USA, with potentially disastrous results for the Soviet Union—which could have kept America neutral. Hoover was Liddell's normal intelligence contact with Washington.

This intelligence had reached Liddell at M15 via a German spy who was sent to England by the Abwehr, and was there "turned" to become a British double agent (codename Tricycle).

In this book David Mure does

not now specifically name Liddell as a traitor, though the implication is there. Whether this apparent discrepancy with the earlier press report is intentional is not clear; but what is certain is that there were several very significant indicators available to the Americans, including their own Ultra (interception of W/T cypher signals), that should have warned them of the impending Japanese attack.

In the light of this one wonders whether the author believes in guilt by association very fashionable nowadays. Blunt and Burgess were well known to many members of the Security Service, and to half the art world as well. Are these all traitors also? The author quotes two senior colleagues of Liddell who do not support the accusations against him.

In the field of deception Mure maintains that from the outset the British had friends in the German Abwehr, who wanted a quick end to the war by negotiated peace, as part of their plot to stimulate German resistance and eliminate Hitler

Whitehall at war

By Martin Ceadel

J. M. LEE:
The Churchill Coalition
192pp, Batsford, £11.50,
0 7134 07891

To read recent Batsford studies of the ministries of the 1940s is to watch political historians struggling in straitjackets. Condensing five years of governmental activism into around 160 pages of text is not easy even if the ground has already been cleared by other scholars and the dust has already begun to settle. To have to undertake some basic spadework at the same time as synthesizing, as these books must, is much harder. Roger Eatwell's account of the Attlee government, published in 1979, bore signs of over-compression. It bravely attempted a chronological survey of all the main issues, but was inevitably, though highly competent, had to be pared to the bare essentials—space not even being found to give references to the new sources used—and the usefulness of the book was thus reduced.

In tackling the 1940-45 period under similar constraints, J. M. Lee

has adopted a different approach. He dispenses altogether with a chronological account of the government, taking for granted that the reader possesses both an outline knowledge of the military events of the war and that he has already had "access" to a political history. It may thus be doubted whether the book qualifies as the "beginner's guide" the author claims it to be and which the elementary and didactic quality of the bibliographical advice also suggests to have been his brief. But his approach has the advantage of freeing him to write four analytical essays in which his own expertise and previous research in administrative history are put to good effect. Indeed, it is the problems of public administration posed by the war which preoccupy the author. Even the brief introductory chapters on the general nature of the coalition are focused more on these than on its political characteristics, according to this perspective. The emergence as a disappointing coordinator of the cabinet-committee system and of less significance than Norman Brook or Hastings Ismay, the deputy cabinet secretaries.

Of the four main chapters, the first, concerned with strategy and mobilization, stresses the organizational achievements of successfully "marrying" military intelligence and strategic planning and of fitting technical experts into the Whitehall machine. The chapter on economy and production, the most original in the book, leads to the conclusion that the acceptance of Keynesian ideas than about the difficulties of administering war production. Churchill's reluctance to appoint a supreme in this field—probably, it is suggested, because the obvious candidate, Beaverbrook, could not be placed above Labour's parliamentary leaders—meant that departments operated with considerable autonomy within levels of resources allocated by bitter bargaining in inter-departmental committees. This frustration, he claims, led to the direction of the war-effort that was widely felt in 1942 can thus be understood. Departmental autonomy is also seen by Lee as the main feature of reconstruction and social reform. One subject of another interesting chapter in which the difficulties of getting post-war material measures on to the Statute Book are clearly brought out. The final chapter, on diplomacy, boils down some substantial recent studies and stresses the constraints imposed on Whitehall by the need to defer from 1942 onwards to the senior partner in the alliance, Washington.

At the end, the reader is left with the impression that Lee would have been happier writing a monograph on Whitehall and the challenge of war, and that he would have done this well. As a textbook, however, his work has some limitations. It is very selective, not always easy to read, and its passing allusions to controversial topics, such as Churchill's appointment as Prime Minister in 1940, or the compromise peace issue—may mislead the unwary. Above all, one is left with the feeling that, although students as well as publicists are likely to be intrigued by his book, it is too short to do its job.

Buying yourself in

By Gwyn Harries-Jenkins

ANTHONY BRUCE:
The Purchase System in the British Army, 1660-1871
195pp, Royal Historical Society,
£12 (£8.75 to members),
0 901050 57 1

The anachronistic system whereby officers' commissions were purchased and sold in the British Army during the two centuries prior to 1871, is a topic which has consistently attracted scholarly interest, although most of the research on this subject has remained unpublished. On this occasion, however, a doctoral thesis originally completed in 1974 is now presented to a wider audience. In it Anthony Bruce seeks to do a particular phase in the historical development of the British Army. He begins his study with a short review of the origins and early history of the purchase system before considering at greater length its workings during the Victorian period. He makes use of the relevant parliamentary papers and, especially, an impressive array of actual information in the final part of the book. He examines the movement for reform before concluding with a "look at the situation after 1871".

General Sir John, mostly very clearly, with a pleasant style. The book is a valuable addition to the collections of private papers

which might have helped to resolve some of his more intractable problems, proved untraceable. This suggests that, in the absence of new sources, there was little real justification for another book on the purchase system.

Dr Bruce, indeed, begins with a detailed explanation of why he believes the purchase system merits further study. These reasons, however, detract from the worth of the book tending as they do to unnecessary and sweeping generalization. They are symptomatic of the author's approach to his subject, which is likewise exemplified by the use he makes of his sources. Where these relate to the main theme of the study, they are used with considerable expertise but when they relate to a less central area of concern their use engenders some disquiet. In these possibly less familiar areas, Bruce tends to rely overmuch on selected secondary sources. This can be seen, for example, in his discussion of the social background of the late Victorian officer corps. First we encounter the assertion that there are three main sources of information on this. One of these turns out to be a doctoral thesis, the author of which has subsequently published three major articles on the same subject. No reference is made to these latest and more important works; no consideration is given to other works published since 1974, nor is there any evidence of original research by Bruce himself. This question, this monograph could have been substantially improved had it avoided these peripheral areas and concentrated on its main theme.

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This study (1959) by Hans Brondius of Robespierre is taken from a collection of his work, *Intelligence Portraits* (see page 28 for details).

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Information please

Marc Bloch (1886-1944), French historian of the Middle Ages: information about his relations with friends, students and colleagues, especially during his visit to England in the 1930s. Eugen Weber, University of California, Los Angeles, California 90024.	Committee, and later became the first permanent secretary of the Department of Labour, where- abouts of his personal papers, which may be in the possession of his grandson, David Catlow, 1950s in one of the banks in the Square, St Anne's-on-Sea, Lancashire; also the present whereabouts of Mr Catlow; for a biography of Shackleton.	Margaret Mead (1901-1978): recol- lections of any of her friends, fellow anthropologists, committee and church associates, students, relatives by birth or marriage, employees and others whose work and lives were influenced by her, for a biography. Jane Howard, 54 Riverside Drive, New York, NY 10024.
Alun Lewis (1915-1944), poet and short-story writer: whereabouts of letters or any other material of his; also personal remi- niscences, for a biography. John Pikkouls, Department of History, Univer- sity of California, Los Angeles, California 90024.	Ross Martin, Department of Politics, La Trobe University, Bundoora, Victoria, Australia 3083.	Emma Lyon (Mrs Henry—1788- 1870), poetess: whereabouts of her works, correspondence or other biographical material. Naomi Green, 19 Temple Sheen, London SW14 7RP.
Department of Extra-Mural Studies, University College, 38 and 40 Park Place, Cardiff CF1 3BB.	John McCree (1872-1918), Canadian Army Medical Corps, author of "In Flanders Fields", where- abouts of letters, other material, or unpublished information for a biographical study.	Arthur Symonds (1865-1945), poet and critic: letters, manuscripts, or other material, preferably items not generally known, for an authorized biography. Karl Backson, Department of English, Brooklyn College, City University of New York, Brooklyn, NY 11210.

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ART

The plenty of Picasso

By Tim Hilton

W. S. RUBIN:
Pablo Picasso: A Retrospective
464pp. Thames and Hudson. £25
(paperback, £9.95).
0 500 23310 1

JOHN GOLDING and ROLAND PEN-
ROSE (Editors):
Picasso in Retrospect
210pp. Granada. £4.50.
0 246 11453 3

PIERRE DAX:
La vie de peintre de Pablo Picasso
Paris: Seuil.

FRANK D. RUSSELL:
Picasso's Guernica: The Labyrinth
of Narrative and Vision
344pp. Thames and Hudson. £12.50.
0 500 23298 9

MAX RAPHAEL:
Proudhon, Marx, Picasso
174pp. Lawrence and Wishart. £8.50.
0 851 35427 9

Well over a million people had seen
the great Picasso retrospective at
the Museum of Modern Art when
the exhibition closed a few weeks
ago. It was the most popular one-
man show ever held, and also the
largest. Around a thousand works in
all media filled every gallery in the
museum, an appropriate tribute to—
surely—the only artist one can think
of capable of sustaining interest,
unflaggingly, from the first work to
the last, through such an extended
representation.

This is not to say that a smaller
exhibition would not have been
telling. But because of
Picasso's protean command over the
art of our century, every generation
needs such an omnium gatherum.
The model for the 1980 exhibition
seems to have been an earlier
MOMA show, Alfred J. Barr's
"Picasso: Forty Years of His Art",
held in 1939, whose catalogue,
amplified and reissued as *Picasso:
Fifty Years of His Art*, became the
best general introduction to his
painting (the sculpture being largely
unknown at that date). Many of the
works from this 1939 show remained
in store in New York during the war
years. "Guernica", of course, is
there still. Picasso was grateful to
the American museum: good rela-

tions between the artist and MOMA
were continued by William S. Rubin,
who had fruitful conversations with
Picasso while preparing his 1971
catalogue of the museum's own hold-
ings. It was at this time that he
proposed another major retrospec-
tive. Picasso, Professor Rubin
relates, was "pleased, bemused, and
promised his help".

This was shortly before the
artist's death. The settlement of his
estate took some years. The out-
come has been happy, for the large
part of Picasso's collection of his
own work was accepted by the
French government in lieu of
death duties. This donation will form
the new Picasso Museum in Paris.
It is an immense gathering. Even
in his earliest days Picasso was re-
luctant to surrender work to his
dealers, and in later years he often
bought back his own production. He
was a far more vital collector of his
own work than he was of other
artists', and the donation is through-
out of astonishing quality. No one
could say the collection when it was
unveiled at the Grand Palais two
years ago is likely to forget the ex-
perience of repeated artistic reve-
lation, for here were masterpieces—
a whole career of masterpieces—
that we had not known to exist.

Of the hundreds of paintings in
the donation, here (in chronological
order) are some landmarks. It con-
tains the portraits of the youthful
Picasso's friend Casagemas painted
immediately after his suicide, per-
haps from the corpse; the blue
period self-portrait done in emula-
tion of Van Gogh; the primitivizing
self-portraits from the sojourn in
Gosol in 1906; a great amount of
work surrounding the "Demoselles
d'Avignon"; the "Still-life with
Chair Caning", which was the first
collage; a most beautiful "Guitar"
of 1913; numerous familial por-
traits in realist styles; impor-
tant middle-period still-lives; a full
range of the inflated "Pompeian"
paintings; the 1926 "Guir with
Nails" and the "Painter and his
Model" of the same year; the
bathing pictures from Dinard and
the "Grand Nu au Fauteuil Rouge"
of 1929; the "Crucifixion" of 1930;
the sand-covered assemblages; the
vivid still-life painting reputed to
be a "secret portrait" of his mis-
tress Marie-Thérèse Walter; the
small, vicious "Death of Agassiz";
numerous overt pictures of Marie-
Thérèse, and of Dora Maar, the
next mistress; a strange collection

of canvases belonging to the Occu-
pation; "The Kitchen", sometimes
said to be Picasso's last good paint-
ing; "L'Ombre" of 1953, still an
excellent painting; "L'Atelier de
Cannes", which is a reconciliation
with his life-long rival Matisse—
and so on. To these paintings we
must add drawings and prints in
thousands. We must also add the
whole of Picasso's sculptural out-
put: this numbers some 600 to 700
pieces.

Clearly enough, it will take stud-
ents of many years to come to
terms with this collection. Yet
by no means all of it is completely
unfamiliar. Some of the work has
been exhibited more than once.
Picasso lent freely to the 1960 exhi-
bition at the Tate Gallery. In 1967,
that is, the year of the donation to
the Tate, Picasso gave a glimpse of the
art among the lumber (for Picasso
was a hoarder who could not throw
away even a matchbox) that filled
the Parisian apartments, the castles
and Mediterranean villas in which
he lived.

As so often, however, photo-
graphy has played its false. We now
find that both paintings and sculp-
tures are appearing unpredictably
in exhibition, not at all as one had
imagined them. Indeed, it seems to
be specifically a characteristic of
Picasso's own imagination that the
presence of his work can scarcely
be captured by photography. This
also ought to change Picasso stud-
ies, in a fundamental way. Just as
photography has emphasized his
graphic approach and powerful crea-
tion of images, criticism has tended
to stress the iconographic and them-
atic aspects of his art. But Picasso—
a born sculptor—has now left us the
most powerful testament of his phys-
icality.

Of course, Picasso's great themes
run from end to end of the oeuvre,
and there were paintings in the
gallery of Juvenilia in New York
that appeared more prophetic than
precocious. One was only too well
aware that the eight-year-old who
painted this bullfight would be the
author of *Guernica*. But even
very early paintings had another
kind of signature. A portrait of
his aunt, done in his teens, was
recognizably from the same hand as

the artist of the early Cubist por-
traits, in another century, another
country, and we used to think—a
different world. The beautiful
selection of early paintings in New
York underlined Picasso's Spanish
origins and inspiration. No longer
can one argue that Picasso's inter-
nationalism in the years before
Cubism was dominated by the need
to become a French artist, and thus
to inherit a classical painting tradi-
tion beside which Spanish art could
only be provincial. For a
Spanish classicism is the Baroque.
It never ceases to be the deep root
of Picasso's art.

One could even argue that the
blue period is most marked not by
an even *miserabilisme* but by various
lively attempts to become a modern
baroque artist. Quite apart from the
pervasive influence of El Greco
(not yet fully documented),
Gauguin, still belongs to the
tenderous Spanish genre of the
bohedón. The excellent "Celestina"
is yet more pointed. It is strange
that the blue period's many com-
mentators miss its only literary
reference. The painting refers to
Ferdinand de Rojas's pessimistic
and obscene fifteenth-century chro-
nicle, whose contrasts of sacred and
profane love were well suited to
Picasso's own imagination. They
form part of the background of the
"Demoselles d'Avignon" and of
much of Picasso's art beyond that.

Nobody would claim that the
"Demoselles" in its final form is
a literary painting. Yet it is clear
that we ought to know more than
we do about the poetical and
theatrical context of the years
before Cubism, if only to distinguish
Picasso's creation from its sources.
We could also use more biographical
information, as the New York show
continually reminded us. To say
this is not to say something that is
unusually accepted. In the last
two decades the tendency of modern
art criticism has been to stress that
no amount of extra-pictorial in-
formation can help us to consider
the quality of a painting. This bleak
truth has had a salutary effect, no
doubt. Yet Picasso must be studied
on his own terms, and it is inescap-
able that no artist of this century

or any other has been so por-
tunately autobiographical: how-
ever eloquent on some occasions, or
on other occasions ambiguous, and
whatever the relations of his paint-
ings to other art, past and present,
the fact remains that Picasso
painted his life.

How important to his life was
the collection that forms the
donation we can now begin to see.
Historians may now study the
springs of his inspiration from
works that were long hidden, as
well as from casual remarks that
Picasso made to his friends. Only
recently, for instance, Professor
Theodore Reff was able to show
how the two pictures of the dead
Carles Casagemas are connected
with the culminating painting of
the blue period, "La Vie", whose
allegorical themes of artist and
human creation are a funerary
tribute to Picasso's friend. Professor
Reff's illuminating essay is one of
the best things in Picasso in Retrospect,
which in fact is a reissue,
minus the illustrations, of Picasso
1881-1973, the book edited by John
Golding and Sir Roland Penrose.

One wonders how much Professor
Reff's interpretation would have
been changed by other information
which has come to light since that
anthology was first published, such
as we owe to Picasso's catalogue
and friend, Pierre Dax. M. Dax's
La Vie de Peintre de Pablo Picasso
(Paris, Editions du Seuil, 1977) is
not always a balanced book, but
it contains much excellent first-
hand information. At one point
he tells us how he and Picasso
were sorting through some early
work when they came across the
portrait of a young woman. "J'ai
failli avoir un enfant d'elle",
Picasso told Dax. "Tu me vois
avec un fils de solvante-quatre
ans." This girl, Madeleine, is
associated in Dax's book with the
themes of maternity and longevity
in the art of 1904-5. One is
interested in this interpretation,
but it is rather baldly done in
M. Dax's book, and repeated too
firmly in the chronology (compiled
by Jane Fluegel) which forms the
major part of the letterpress of
the catalogue of the New York
exhibition.

Another kind of art historian
might wish only to observe that
Madeleine had large, strange ears,
that Picasso noticed them; and
that she is therefore the unidenti-
fied "Woman in a Chemise" in the

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Tate Gallery. This is not to ascend the highest peaks of art-historical inquiry, but it helps. The primary cataloguing of Picasso's work still leaves much to be desired. The present catalogue of the exhibition is a summary in the extreme. When full entries are written, they will have to take account of the large literature by Picasso's friends, contemporaries and mistresses.

These writings present many problems of their own. Not everyone wishes to become an expert judge of jealousy, for instance. Nor of self-importance, which is one of the conversations, which ought to have been more interesting, written out in André Malraux's *Picasso's Mask?* The status of Picasso's reported speech worries some commentators not at all, and some others too much. Dore Ashton's anthology of *Picasso on Art* rejected every single word that François Gilot reported in her *Life with Picasso*. Miss Ashton gave strong arguments for this exclusion, but it still seems rather harsh. Life with Picasso may have been glorified, but what other book by a contemporary gives such a brave feeling of a human spirit matching itself against such a (literally) terrible artist?

The book by Picasso's mistress of seven years during his early days in Paris, Fernande Olivier's *Picasso et ses Amis*, has always been more popular than Mile Gilot's. This has been because we have been able to read into it an agreeable view of a gay, youthful, bohemianism among the Picasso circle in Montmartre. And it is true, one cannot grasp from Fernande's reminiscences how seamy and violent that milieu was. We hear, rather, the tone of the *première* of the day (1911), in which the book had its origins. That genre was to be in years to come, and in just the same years when articles of a quite different type were appearing in the *St. Louis* and the rest of the *St. Louis* "Intellectual". Which most misrepresented him? Meanwhile, it must be said that Fernande's book was not written with the future art historian in mind. She makes no mention of the *Demoiselles d'Avignon*, whose birth she almost certainly witnessed. On the other hand, her ingenuous account of the holiday in Gósol in 1906, after Picasso had taken her to meet his parents in Barcelona, is of great value to the historian of a period which contemporary Picasso studies now emphasize as crucial.

In New York, the importance of the Gósol pictures was properly apparent. Few people now believe in the "rose period" as more than a phase, and it is becoming clearer that the "Demoiselles" was not the first Cubist painting. Rather, one thinks of a mixed period which precedes classical Cubism, dominated by the "Demoiselles", beginning with the primitivizing Gósol paintings and including the "African" pictures that came after the big canvas. But if the attention to primitive art is the leading feature of this period, then there is much else in it too: a sort of violent suggestion of Ingres, Cézanne, Matisse, a more opaque iconography, and a more dramatic use of line, brought through factors of changes of feature.

One of the many "documentary" photographs in Professor Rubin's exhibition catalogue Pablo Picasso: *A Retrospective* shows Fernande in Montmartre wearing a kind of turban. At Gósol, *allongée*, in a nude, she still wears it, and Picasso made the identification with the turbaned Ingres *Odalisque* in a drawing (see catalogue), which is after Ingres's painting. This step towards not only the "Demoiselles" but also the "African" paintings of 1907-8; Fernande's book tells us of Picasso's sudden flight from Gósol, he had been alarmed by an outbreak of typhoid. This explains why there is so much Gósol work which feels as if Picasso had not finished with it, in particular the *Cleveland Museum's* *harem* picture.

Another biographical help, Gertrude Stein, tells the famous story of how Picasso's old friend, Gertrude Stein, now lived in the house on her magnificent estate and replaced them with the bold and stylized faces we know today. There have now appeared in the *Journal* two self-portraits and, in particular, a portrait of Gertrude Stein, which is arguably a self-portrait in New York one could not have painted together. It is indeed rather like the one of these

heads were also repainted *à la Stein*; so also with the two coffered paintings of that summer, and autumn and with the left-hand legs of the "Two Nudes", which in the account has been taken as the painting which immediately preceded the "Demoiselles".

Those accounts must be wrong, but we do not yet know how to make a chronology for what was happening. Whether or not this tendency to rework facial details has a direct bearing on the "Demoiselles", itself was not explored in the scholarly exhibition of the picture and its satellites promised us by Dominique Bozo, the Director of the Picasso Museum. Those interested in Picasso studies have long regretted that the "Demoiselles" has not been the subject of much attention as "Guernica". One reason for the neglect has been Picasso's secretive, in some deep way self-protective attitude to the circumstances which led to the painting. Only slowly, and in a posthumous fashion, did he allow Christian Zervos (in charge of the photographic record of the oeuvre) to see, let alone publish, the work from which the great picture was sketched. He kept one entire sketchbook hidden until after his death, after his death further unknown studies for the "Demoiselles" were found in the studio.

Not all of this material was re-used in New York. The "Demoiselles" itself belongs to MOMA, but when Professor Rubin wrote his catalogue of the Museum's Picasso collection he chose to reprint the entry from Alfred Barr's *Picasso: A Retrospective*. In this, the "Breast and Fruit Dish on a Table" of early 1908. Placed next to related, smaller studies of a proposed programme: "Carnival at the Bistrot", whose figures were painted out, this masterful picture stated early on how important still-life was to Picasso. And yet, in Picasso's own Cubism — Braque's — we feel the absence, as he felt the absence, of figure painting. It is in those places where Picasso most holds to the figure that one most holds breath. At Cadaguet, in the summer of 1910, one feels this most; and that was just before there was some sort of obsequy of the habitual tension of Picasso's painting. Then, as he and Braque came closest together, and their art silently reached its most hermetic expression, Picasso's brush became more painterly, softer, and more relaxed. It was as if the painter's hand was being freed, as if the painting was flawed, what exactly are the flaws? This is as much a critical as a scholarly question; and rightly so, for like Braque — we have to decide on the perfection or otherwise of Picasso's painting at the time.

Of the frightening rapidity and aggression of his thought, Fernande reports Braque as saying, "You want us all to eat porridge and drink paraffin." That sounds authentic. If Braque, who had only recently met Picasso, say in the Rue Bayle, all that we have seen at the Grand Palais and MOMA, he must have now been painfully shocked not only by the anti-Fauvist colour studies (if such they be), but also by the primitive motifs, but also by the quite headlong lack of deliberation in the studio. The New York installation gave a strong sense of the studio at this point. For instance, the paint of the small, arch curve catalogued as "Bust of a Woman (Study for 'Les Femmes d'Alger')", evidently came out of the same can, surely in the same few minutes, as that on the right-hand reworked figure, in the big painting. But when were those few minutes? In the recent catalogue of the Cubist paintings, it is said that this smaller picture was begun in the spring of 1907 and was reworked in July. We are not told that catalogue how he knows this. The *Journal* tell him? For this picture, and for twenty or thirty contemporary pictures, we urgently require as much documentary evidence as can be gathered.

On all such matters, Pablo Picasso: *A Retrospective* is quite silent. It is a catalogue of the work, not a catalogue of the artist. Professor Rubin has put it, but what writing it contains is largely done by Jane Fliegel. Yet the book feels close to the exhibition, which was indeed a personal triumph for Rubin. It cost him a great deal of time to put his photographs together, but he has, as any text he has ever written.

This is a slightly disconcerting remark, yet in the context of the show it seems reasonable. What has been given us is most complete and balanced collection of Picasso reproductions ever published. His book includes documentary photographs but no comparative material by any other artist. There is not even a Cubist picture by Braque. Here again the book follows the show. After the "Demoiselles" began the most unlikely and the most fruitful partnership in the history of art. Professor Rubin has argued elsewhere for Braque's crucial role in the formation of Cubism. It could not be seen, of course, in the MOMA exhibition, but the sequence of rooms devoted to Picasso's from 1907 to 1910 was none the less eloquent, in the change of speed and direction, of Braque's grave, French intelligence.

In the Cubist rooms in New York one felt how delicate and doubly delicate was the pose of these exquisite pictures. In exhibition circumstances the addition or subtraction of only one or two paintings (and not necessarily "key" paintings) can illuminate or obscure many of those perspectives which we find in Cubism and which are not explicable by the "progress" that its historians must use as their guideline. Here was a contrast between the Grand Palais exhibition of the *début* and the MOMA retrospective.

Picasso's personal collection of analytic Cubist paintings was not in fact very full. This was one reason why the Paris exhibition made the transition from analytic to synthetic Cubism so emphatic. In New York, other aspects of Cubism were stressed. For instance, the hang gave most prominent position to the "Breast and Fruit Dish on a Table" of early 1908. Placed next to related, smaller studies of a proposed programme: "Carnival at the Bistrot", whose figures were painted out, this masterful picture stated early on how important still-life was to Picasso. And yet, in Picasso's own Cubism — Braque's — we feel the absence, as he felt the absence, of figure painting. It is in those places where Picasso most holds to the figure that one most holds breath. At Cadaguet, in the summer of 1910, one feels this most; and that was just before there was some sort of obsequy of the habitual tension of Picasso's painting. Then, as he and Braque came closest together, and their art silently reached its most hermetic expression, Picasso's brush became more painterly, softer, and more relaxed. It was as if the painter's hand was being freed, as if the painting was flawed, what exactly are the flaws? This is as much a critical as a scholarly question; and rightly so, for like Braque — we have to decide on the perfection or otherwise of Picasso's painting at the time.

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A record price for a Picasso drawing (£102,439) was paid in November 1979 for this work in black chalk and charcoal on rose paper, "The Guitar", c. 1923; from Christie's Review of the Season—1980 (520pp, Studio Vista, £16.95, 0 289 70982 2). Among the many superb colour plates and black-and-white photographs of items from collections comprising paintings, sculpture, tapestries, ceramics, porcelain, furniture and glass, are Picasso's "Tête de Femme" (gouache on paper, 1906) and paintings by Chagall, Jack B. Yeats and David Hockney.

Not that Picasso's two-dimensional invention, fostered. Among the treasures which have now been found in the *début* is a nice but still tough picture, not big, never before seen or photographed, which is now referred to by the French as "Guitar" and by the Americans as "Geometric Composition: the Guitar". It dates from the spring of 1913 and probably is the first of the sparsely pictures with rectangles which appear up until the great *Homme Accoudé* of 1916. More to the immediate point, this may be the first really good painting to have dispensed with papier collé.

The fact that Picasso mounted this canvas on wood may have some physical relevance. It accorded with a way he had, most finely done as far as I know in this picture, of plastering paint, thus crossing the canvas as much as touching it while keeping the result frontal rather than diagonal. This application wiped over, as it were, the expanses of fussy (and fragile) areas of newspaper that occupied the surface of the less successful paintings in the last days of Synthetic Cubism. And since the dimensions of those paintings had always been hauled back to drawing size by the legitimacy of newspaper — which on a larger scale would grey out and in equal measure — it might be thought that Picasso at this juncture could have gone for size in painting, with the flatness of this 1913 "Guitar". And on occasion he did this. "The Homme Accoudé" is now under glass, does not look so good as it did when it appeared on the London art market a few years ago. Unmistakably, however, it is a major painting; and its status — one to think about, its comparative isolation and the possibility that this was a direction which Picasso's painting never fully explored.

The crisis of Cubism, in mid-war, can be put down to exhaustion, the absence of Braque, combatant, the death of Picasso's mistress Eva, or any combination of these and other personal circumstances. But a multiplicity of opportunity also had something to do with it. For the first time one thinks of other things that Picasso might have fashioned. And it is possible to think in this way to the point of heresy, without losing sight of anything that Picasso did do. He was not, as one could wish that he had been, a great and intense manner in his late years. It is often forgotten that Synthetic Cubist space without collage was potentially the most difficult and exciting pictorial space since the Baroque. It demanded, it

master who was also a virtuoso: but was not Picasso such a one? Do not rate highly MOMA's 1925 "Still Life with Plaster Head", and regret that it is almost unique?

If sculpture was "ahead" of painting in the years between 1912 and 1918 (it was not always so, then Picasso's abandonment of three-dimensional art was a return to a more conservative medium as well as a more conservative style. Any big Picasso show now has to spread itself uneasily among family portraits, various types of work for the theatre and a sort of residue of Cubist still-lives. The MOMA exhibition (in some measure made up of the jointed pictures of disjunction which still are thought crucial to his later development. Foremost among them is the "Crucifixion" of 1930, yet again a painting retained by Picasso through his lifetime. Its association with "Guernica" has often been stressed. Frank Russell, now making the connection more explicit than has any previous art historian. But he is an iconographer who has worked from a largely photographic set of evidence.

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We, like many an interested party at the time, might justifiably be puzzled to know at what point in Picasso's career to place his maturity, when, in what paintings, and what reasons? Anyone who had followed his art from its beginnings to the early 1930s might well have been confused by all the leaps and turns in the later years. After all, this was the first time in all art that a major artist had produced work simultaneously in utterly different styles. And here begins the period of really bad Picasso criticism. It was not only that Picasso now gave proof that his painting (and by extension all avant-garde art) was chaotic; his painting could be enlisted to prove propositions way beyond the realm of art.

One such critical curiosity of the day has now been resurrected. Max Raphael's *Proudhon, Marx, Picasso* was first issued in France in 1933, but failed thereafter to find an English-language publisher. This must have been the result of conservative prejudice, and we owe it to younger Marxist writers on art that Raphael's book has been kept alive. One of them, John Tagg, gives us the introduction to the present volume. He also provides a bibliography of Raphael's writing, both published and unpublished.

Raphael had studied art history in Germany under Wölfflin; he was a friend of the German Expressionist painter Max Pechel. He had known both Picasso and Matisse in Paris as early as 1911. With such a background, one might have hoped that his thoughtful attempts to construct a Marxist theory of art would have been in actual works of art. But this is not so. He completely ignores them. And so it is perfectly easy for him to take the view, as Mr Tagg reports it, that Picasso was "the foremost artistic representative of the era of bourgeois individualism whose fundamental individualism in conflict with his mathematical, generalized means of expression and who has failed to grasp the artistic problem handed down unsolved from the nineteenth century: that of synthesizing materialism and idealism".

This is so utterly inapposite, quite apart from its being untrue, that one wishes to return immediately to the works of this gifted failure. Illogically neglecting his obligation to synthesize materialism and idealism, Picasso was beginning a picture in actual work. He was not, as Mr Tagg writes, "a creatively dominated by his response to one woman, the seventeen-year-old Marie-Thérèse, whom he had introduced to himself ('Je suis Picasso') outside the Galerie Lafayette, where she was painting a picture of a woman. He was not, as Mr Tagg writes, "a creatively dominated by his response to one woman, the seventeen-year-old Marie-Thérèse, whom he had introduced to himself ('Je suis Picasso') outside the Galerie Lafayette, where she was painting a picture of a woman. He was not, as Mr Tagg writes, "a creatively dominated by his response to one woman, the seventeen-year-old Marie-Thérèse, whom he had introduced to himself ('Je suis Picasso') outside the Galerie Lafayette, where she was painting a picture of a woman.

Renoir, caryatids, Pompeian art, this was still an astonishing invention. But it was not much contained by its own peculiarity. The self-sufficiency and "otherness" of the manner is underlined by the fact that the paintings succeed more when their subject is imagined rather than taken from the common stock of tradition. This was important, for Picasso now taught himself to use a poetic, half-rhetorical imagination to make his art "stick", while at the same time — iconographers should note — taking pains to avoid the illustration.

With this inflated and ponderous neo-classical style came a set of physical and imaginary disjunctions, not only in the size of the paintings but also in their relations between size and scale, actual or depicted. Nor is this simply a function of the dramatic girth of the figures. It has to do with Picasso's wish to outdo the limits of painting. This wish was a legacy of the experience of making Synthetic Cubism. That Cubism was by the early 1920s of only limited use to Picasso.

Hence the dubious status of the two large and (why?) rather similar canvases of the "Three Musicians". They are said to be classics. Yet they are wanting in that kind of energy which makes Picasso's most compelling large pictures. Their parts interlock as though they were made to lock and unlock. This does not help the dark spirit that Picasso seems to have wished to evoke. And it is a fact that the more Picasso created a world of his own that it becomes plain what emotional not his intention to strike. A major painting which has now emerged from the *début* is the "Guitar" of 1926 (it is more precisely an assemblage on canvas), which uses sackcloth and nails driven from the back into spectator space. Picasso told Roland Penrose that he had considered cementing razor blades into the stretcher, to make it unhandleable. The "Guitar", which was never exhibited in the artist's lifetime, has therefore acquired a reputation as a hostile artefact. It is a picture that this painting was hung on its side in New York. A vertical disposition accords with all the related studies, and makes the picture work. It gives an upright stance, it is found to be calm, resonant and not savage at all.

That may have something to do with its answer to abstraction. In the figure work we are approaching — from the mid-1920s — the time when aggression would seem all important. The "assault on the human figure" for which Picasso was once notorious seems less of an issue these days. But there are pictures of disjunction which still are thought crucial to his later development. Foremost among them is the "Crucifixion" of 1930, yet again a painting retained by Picasso through his lifetime. Its association with "Guernica" has often been stressed. Frank Russell, now making the connection more explicit than has any previous art historian. But he is an iconographer who has worked from a largely photographic set of evidence.

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of 1928. But the piece has not been given the opportunity to show itself off. It must be seen in the round, yet in Paris and New York was relegated to awkward corners.

There is also a conservation problem. The version that belongs to the *début* is a bronze cast from the original wrought iron (this belongs to Marina Picasso) looks far better. Probably the paint on the sculpture should come off. The likelihood is that the sculpture was coated at the same time as the inferior "Head of a Woman" before Picasso sent them to his 1932 retrospective at the Georges Petit gallery: in the smaller piece he would have needed paint to minimize the alien nature of the two clanders (or could it be a *poème à salade*? from which the woman's form was made).

The other sculptures, the ones that are not constructed and are evidently of Marie-Thérèse, were originally made in plaster. We know this now in haste, but it is worth thinking what the plaster would have been like. Picasso himself regretted that they were cast, and is reported as saying that the plaster was "much more beautiful". Professor Rubin's room of these heads had a number of cognate pictures. This was a crucial point of the exhibition, hung and arranged with great care. Yet the sculpture and the painting did not quite enhance each other. When the paintings were most flat, decorative and *classique*, the corporeality of the sculpture seemed mortal. But it lacked the expressive touch, just as the paintings of Marie-Thérèse were often better when they were slightly chalkier and found depth. The best of them was a picture from the *début*, which is quite frankly in the style of the *début*, and appears to record the sculptures in their plaster state.

Away from Marie-Thérèse there are horrors, which might not be horrors. The hunched murderer Picasso introduced into his *Marat* the motif of bound limbs. Miroque drawings of figures making love on a bench. There is also in that picture a strong hint that it concerns the processes of etching. Such interlarding of theme and of medium of disguise and mask, of classical myth and of the real, of life, or of the bestial with the touchingly human, have all to be considered within the thematic repertoire of the 1930s.

One of the problems confronting Frank Russell in writing *Picasso's Guernica* must have been to know how much of this material to discuss. But while he realizes how much "Guernica" is a résumé of many Picasso themes, he has decided to stay close to the mural itself. His book is rather in the form of a learned expansion of Rudolf Arnheim's *Picasso's Guernica* of 1962, leading us page by page through the forty-five preparatory studies and then the seven states of the painting as photographed by Dora Mear. In addition, Mr Russell has highlighted in ingenious fashion various parts of the picture, and concentrated to explain to us how we must understand its structure. His main contribution to discussion of "Guernica", however, is in the analysis of the twin themes of the crucifixion and the lightning. He writes: "What he says on both topics has not been said before, and is judiciously phrased."

Mr Russell does not believe that he has had the last word on "Guernica", although his footnotes are full of nearly sarcastic comments on the picture's many other commentators. One wonders what he might have made of Mary Matthews Gedge's recent assertion, in the *Art Quarterly*, that the picture is in some almost specific way about the Malaga earthquake of 1864, which shook the Picasso family very hard. This during which Picasso's sister was born. Put thus baldly, this interpretation seems *outré*; but there is something to be said for her approach, and more to be said for it after the New York exhibition, for it was not possible there to believe that any imaginative painting by Picasso might not strike back to some primitive part of his consciousness.

In New York were three versions of a little-known work from 1932, only one of which is in Zervos, and which were not shown together. They are a composite known as "The Rescue" and appear to show a female figure taking another, or two others, out of water. There is one oil, one India ink drawing and one drawing in oil and charcoal on canvas. The oil is quite beautiful, with lavender-to-blue figures on a green

ground, white underpainting showing through and a lemon colour amid stabs of white flowers. It must be a major painting. I do not know what it is about but I feel that it has connections not only with the obscure Marie-Thérèse paintings but also with the "Guernica" studies and the other "political" painting which the catalogue describes (contentiously) as the pendant to "Guernica", "The Charnel House".

"The Charnel House" was painted at the end of the war. To what extent it was inspired by photographs of concentration camps is now a doubt. It seems that the work was far advanced by the time those photographs were published and that the original inspiration was a Spanish film showing the annihilation of a family in its kitchen. Certainly the still-life kitchen table which fills the upper part of the picture accords with this view. The painting seems to be about a frightful event in domestic circumstances rather than a report on the horrors of the war. Professor Rubin's MOMA collections catalogue has already pointed out other preoccupations of the painting: he instances a near-identical still-life which he believes to describe the privations of the occupation; the motif of bound limbs before a sacrifice, which is associated with the wartime sculpture "Man with a Lamb"; and the cock (painted out but still visible as a *penitence*) which appears in other work of the time. But now we can still further enrich the background of "The Charnel House" by looking at the charcoal version of "The Rescue", while noting that the 1938 drawing known as "The Sacrifice" which Professor Rubin associates with "The Charnel House" is itself a reprise of the little picture of Marat in his bath.

One could further expand on all this. The point is that there is a labyrinth of meaning and suggestion in the paintings from about 1930 to the "Charnel House", and that the next studies of "Guernica" sided by the *début*, will probably now move away from the five weeks or so of drawing before Picasso actually took up "Guernica" itself. Such new studies might also take

up a matter which Frank Russell ignores: how good the picture is. "How" enduring a work, then, do we feel Picasso's clifflike monument to be? He asks as he begins his epilogue. His own answer I find obscure. But his questions, but Passions and Glott. He might with more relevance have asked what Jackson Pollock thought about "Guernica". Pollock's drawings are in fact the most searching commentary on the picture that we possess, and in the years after the war it is Pollock rather than Picasso who takes the lead in ambitious mural art.

There has never been a carefully selected and scholarly exhibition of Picasso's late work. It could be done, and it could be very moving, but it would need the most careful touch. The later paintings cannot be trusted to speak for themselves with the authority of the earlier ones. This is despite the fact that they are painted with as much conviction as ever: for it is the conviction of habit, rather than inspiration, and the instinctive force often produces paintings made with more energy than was necessary for them. But everywhere there are exceptions: the late years are unpredictable. Often one feels that single-colour or tonal paintings will normally work best; otherwise the colour looks willful and arbitrary, a tendency always latent in Picasso's palette, and now unchecked. But then a picture will contradict such an optimistic view.

Perhaps the London showing of the *début*, which is scheduled for next summer, will enable us to take a more balanced view of the matter, even with so many other things to think about. For there are many mysteries even in the vast expanse of the collection. Professor Rubin points out that "the preponderant weight of his own holdings lay in those areas of his art to which he was most attached and most associated with experiment and process: his sketches and drawings, constructed sculptures and works in mixed media." This is accurate, but did not Picasso keep all these things to himself so that he would never die?

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The toning down of a terrorist

By Richard Cobb

ANITA BROOKNER:
Jacques-Louis David
223pp. Chatto and Windus, £25.
0 7011 2530 6

Whatever his merits and originality as an artist and elegant master, David was singularly unattractive. He was grasping, greedy, selfish and jealous. What- ever his political inconsistencies, he was consistent at least in the way that he budgeted successive régimes for the payment of his commissions, so that, by 1809, he had made himself unpopular in pretty nearly all official circles. It is true that he was good to his pupils, but only because they were his pupils and thus represented a prolongation of his own considerable ego. He could be extremely and quite gratuitously cruel. He not only watched Marie-Antoinette on her way to her execution; he even drew a rapid sketch of her from his window: an old woman with a huge nose, her hair cut short, her neck bare, her hands behind her back, a still proud straight ahead, as she looked straight ahead, not giving the howling crowd a glance: *la Vierge Crispée menée à l'échafaud*, he writes, vengefully and extremely under his sketch. Clearly he enjoyed the spectacle (he was, in October 1793, at the height of his republican phase), just as, in the spring of 1794, he was to enjoy the sight of the *hyperbates* and the *démarches* as they passed on a similar route, to a similar destination. Such were the advantages of having windows from the Louvre. Maybe that was why he

had moved from the rue de Seine, his apartment there not offering a similar view.

For over a year he was a very active member of the Committee of General Security, the police committee, under the Revolutionary Government. His signature appears on hundreds of arrest warrants. He was the only native-born Parisian on the committee and, in a body each member of which allocated to himself his own area of France (Amar, Vadier, Vouland and Bayle cut up the land between them, the *Joyce d'élution* was Paris. Most of the people whom he had arrested were artists, engravers, *peintres d'histoire* miniaturists, and stationers. He seems to have had a good memory for names and faces. His contribution to the Terror in Paris was both a major and a personal one. He seems to have been very busy during the Terror, managing to combine his fairly intricate police work with the organization of great operatic festivals, and the completion of the two vast pictures depicting the dead Marat and the dead Lepelletier.

He narrowly escaped 9 Thermidor, was arrested and spent some time in the prison of the Luxembourg, a tribulation that at least resulted in one of his most charming pictures: the Luxembourg Gardens in the autumn of 1794. But he was luckier than most of his colleagues on the police committee and was soon back in circulation, painting Madame Récamier and other leading Thermidorians before addressing himself to the different tastes of the Directory (he even designed the official costumes of the Directors and of the members of the two Councils). The new régime became a toady of Bonaparte, producing for that shoddy régime some of his most grandiloquent and cluttered pictures. He had to go into

exile after the Second Restoration and refused to make his peace with Louis XVIII and Charles X, showing an uncharacteristic intransigence, due perhaps to pride. Perhaps it was just as well, as no doubt he would have once more become a Court painter, in yet another style.

Such is the public record. But David was no ordinary politician, not even an ordinary terrorist. All his roles were combined with that of an artist of enormous talent. Anita Brookner's handsome biography is about as an artist, and is written by an artist of great sensitivity and understanding. She sees the principal originality of her subject in "his immensely sensitive response to historical change"; and she proves that this was not just a matter of taste. David lived 1789, the year of hope, *la Grande Espérance*, just as much as he lived the Terror; the "Death of Marat" is a beautiful and tragic poem to revolutionary martyrdom, just as much as his brightly coloured portrait of Napoleon is a poem to the new order. The hand is the very physical depiction of the bravery, youth and vigour of the Year II; the young man with the proud, black moustache, military bearing, tricolor sash and penetrating black eyes, the *Representant en mission* of the Year II, the embodiment of *le peuple souverain* (I wish the picture had been included). Anita Brookner describes David as having lived through the Revolution *en délire*, in a state of permanent fermentation which she wrongly defines as *la Grande Espérance*, in fact limited to the summer of 1789.

David responds with equal sensitivity to the sensuality of the Thermidorians period and to the simplicity of the Directory, before taking up the example of the new régime and was soon back in circulation, painting Madame Récamier and other leading Thermidorians before addressing himself to the different tastes of the Directory (he even designed the official costumes of the Directors and of the members of the two Councils). The new régime became a toady of Bonaparte, producing for that shoddy régime some of his most grandiloquent and cluttered pictures. He had to go into



Self-portrait of Jacques-Louis David from the book reviewed here.

neo-classical cheapjacks, ermine cloaks and sceptres, silk stockings and thunder-clouds, though, in one hasty commissioned portrait, now played his greatest gifts in the portrayal of domestic groups, of the family, of couples, and of women, whether of the aristocracy, widows of guillotined *ci-devants*, themselves brushed close by the wings of death, Thermidorian adventures, or solid middle-class ladies from Ghent. It is David as portraitist of domestic privacy, contentment and peace who will survive as an incomparable artist, long after the pageant-master and the constructor of vast overcrowded *pièces montées* have been rightly forgotten. Not that anyone is likely to forget "Marat, David". To understand the First Republic, and, above all, the Year II, in its simple grandeur, it is still necessary to make the pilgrimage to Brussels.

creatures, no less competent but far less vain than men". No writes the author, a judgment surely right when applied to a man who displayed his greatest gifts in the portrayal of domestic groups, of the family, of couples, and of women, whether of the aristocracy, widows of guillotined *ci-devants*, themselves brushed close by the wings of death, Thermidorian adventures, or solid middle-class ladies from Ghent. It is David as portraitist of domestic privacy, contentment and peace who will survive as an incomparable artist, long after the pageant-master and the constructor of vast overcrowded *pièces montées* have been rightly forgotten. Not that anyone is likely to forget "Marat, David". To understand the First Republic, and, above all, the Year II, in its simple grandeur, it is still necessary to make the pilgrimage to Brussels.

Feeling the countryside

By Graham Reynolds

ROBERTO TASSI:
Sutherland.
The Wartime Drawings.
171pp. Sotheby Parke Bernet.
£14.95.
0 85667 095 2

JOHN HAYES:
The Art of Graham Sutherland.
190pp. Phaidon, £20.
0 7148 2035 0

The British art student of the early 1920s was the heir to a fragmented national tradition, which was being assailed by successive waves of ideas from the Continent. Broadly speaking, the Royal Academy was still loyal to the precepts of the 18th century, the New English Art Club was naturalizing Impressionism, and the Camden Town Group was striving to acclimatize Post-Impressionism. Yet, as the career of Graham Sutherland shows, this clash of styles was not necessarily hostile to the development of an independent and personal mode of artistic expression. When he joined the Goldsmiths' College School of Art at New Cross in 1924, he was among a group of rebellious young men. But his own rebellion took the form of enthusiasm for the work of Samuel Palmer.

The rediscovery of Samuel Palmer after fifty years of neglect, with such fruitful results for British art, illustrates the complex cross-currents in the English art world throughout the 1920s. It was achieved by two museum officials, who were both authorities on early English watercolours, Laurence Binyon and Martin Hardie. Hardie was himself a highly influential watercolour painter and etcher, who had collaborated with Sir Frank Short and F. L. Griggs in reprinting a number of Palmer's drawings in 1920. Sutherland began as an etcher, and painted the *Woodman's Cottage* in 1924, a work which could hardly be described as a masterpiece. His first serious work, *The Old Mill*, was a watercolour, and it was this work which first showed his true talent. In the context of his whole

oeuvre this group of engravings can be seen as one of his finest achievements, conveying the emotion of a young man responding deeply to the light and form of the countryside.

It was a prosperous decade for the engraver. A doctor's waiting room was hardly furnished without its etchings by Cameron and McEay, and Sutherland profited from the success of the prints. However, old-fashioned he may have been, he considered the aesthetics of his instructors to be, their technical teaching was of permanent value to him.

The ability to make critical decisions on the choice of paper and ink and to control the biting and printing of an etched plate gave him a groundwork in the craft which he brought to his life. It was his appreciation of F. L. Griggs's method of wiping a plate— "he had a palm as delicate as a gas-sampler"—rather than admiration for his architectural engravings which began the basic of their friendship. He carried his interest in techniques into his later activities, studying the processes of tapestry weaving and, more recently, the type colour aquatint developed by Eleanor and Walter Rosset.

The Wall Street crash and the consequent slump in the art market was the indirect cause of Sutherland's greatest advance. He was obliged to turn to painting, and came to express in watercolour the vision for which Hitherto he had been groping. The moment of truth came when he went to Penrhyn-shire in 1934, and experienced an illumination which transformed his art. The jolly black line and the muted colour of the Welsh drawings may still recall Palmer, but the line is entirely his own. He found in the hills landscapes and in individual natural objects a metaphor for human action and feeling. His freedom from outside contemporary influence was the basis of his complex, his own, his own. He found in the hills landscapes and in individual natural objects a metaphor for human action and feeling. His freedom from outside contemporary influence was the basis of his complex, his own, his own. He found in the hills landscapes and in individual natural objects a metaphor for human action and feeling. His freedom from outside contemporary influence was the basis of his complex, his own, his own.

was parallel to his own.

The outbreak of the Second World War brought an interruption to his deep involvement with a particular landscape. He became an official war artist in 1940; virtually for the first time his subjects were imposed upon him from outside instead of coming from within. The end of the War Artists' Advisory Committee was to assemble an artistic record of the war abroad and at home. Roberto Tassi's anthology shows how vigorously Sutherland responded to this challenge. This is by far the most extensive selection of his work to be reproduced, a steel foundry and a Cornish tin mine. His drawings translate images of destruction and of laborious work into the graphic language he had evolved among the Welsh hills. But while he was so deeply engaged with this commission, he was also expressing his own world, the expressive urge was still strong. The "Blested Oak", one of his most often reproduced drawings, is of 1941; the "Horned Forms" in Tate Gallery, which carries his landscape painting to its maturity, was painted in 1944.

Sutherland has recorded that before the war ended his palette was becoming lighter, in colour, anticipating the paintings he was to make in France. It has been maintained that the South of France was the source of his emergence from a provincial backwater to a European stature. Certainly this change in residence was the prelude to a far wider and more international recognition. He had retrospective exhibitions in Paris, Basel, Turin and many other cities, and received much attention from Italian, German and American critics. Yet it is possible to wonder whether, measured by the high standards he had already set himself, the French period was fully rewarding. The form in such series as the "Circles" and "Standing Forms" are less imbued with inner life, the canvases more decorative. From the mid-1940s, and throughout the 1950s, the artist was preoccupied with his complex commissions for the Crucifixion at Northampton and the vast tapestry for the new Coventry Cathedral. There is no doubting the learning and concentration he brought to

these tasks, or his response to religious themes. But the iconography demanded a return to earlier world pictures—those of Grünewald for the "Crucifixion" and of the Byzantine icon for the Coventry tapestry; there is a sense of new wine in old bottles.

Where Sutherland did triumphantly succeed was in revivifying portraiture, a genre believed to be more fatally in decline than even religious art. The artist hardly did himself justice when he linked his portraits to his landscapes, saying that a "human head is only an object found". This suggests that he saw his sitters as demoralized; nothing could be further from the case. It was the intense perception of the personality felt behind the appearance which made the Churchill portrait such a target for abuse and eventual destruction. This was not the first occasion on which an "official" portrait failed to please its subject with disastrous consequences. Charles Sims, exhibited his portrait of George V at Burlington House in 1924; the King was dissatisfied and in due course the work was burned in the boilers by the Treasurer and the Secretary of the Royal Academy. Sims's mental balance was fatally disturbed by this rebuff, but Sutherland appears to have reacted with philosophical toughness. He may well have reflected that he had the last word in his image, through constant reproduction (including the back-jacker of John Hayes's book) by far the best known of all Churchill portraits, and does indeed convey the sitters' air to those who saw him in later life.

When John Hayes selected and annotated the plates for *The Art of Graham Sutherland*, he believed that it was to be a tribute to a living artist whom he thought was undervalued in his native country. He has given the facts of Sutherland's life and work with meticulous care and supported his story with ample references, being greatly helped in his search for "accuracy" by the artist himself. Sadly, the book has become a posthumous salute. Since John Hayes's death in a balanced manner with all the phases of

Sutherland's development, his publication gives the material for an assessment of the artist's whole career. The author disclaims the intention of making a critical appraisal but quotes liberally from Sutherland's own comment on his work. While this is valuable in establishing the artist's aims, the wealth of explanation has the effect of implying that Sutherland was progressively moving towards ever greater achievement. This result is inadvertent, since the artist was fundamentally modest; but to him his most recent work was necessarily his most important work to date. However, a pattern of smooth advance does not conform to that of the imaginary and visionary life.

Sutherland knew that Palmer's early paintings, which had so moved him, were "young man's passion, an adolescent flame which was bound to end in one's first death". In the light of this insight it is possible to discern an uncanny resemblance between the lives of the two artists. For Palmer, the first vision faded. He came to terms with a more generally acceptable interpretation of contemporary styles. Then at the end he found a way of returning to the original sources of his greatest strength. The most recent exhibition to be devoted to Sutherland was his last, and his last work and was called "A Vision Recaptured". Sutherland too in his last years returned to his earlier vision. One of the latest paintings reproduced by Hayes is *The Road at Portchlicks* in Bellingham, 1975. It is a reinterpretation of a theme he had sketched thirty-five years before, and recaptures the full force of that creative time. When he went to Wales in 1967 it was his first visit for thirty years, and he bitterly regretted his long neglect of his native land. As he said, "A vein can reappear years later, re-seen and re-affirmed."

Sutherland made a major contribution to the art of the twentieth century. His tenacity in persevering in his own development without regard to outside pressures was his source of his greatest achievement. By obstinately refusing to be deflected from his chosen course by the current trends of European art he became a European artist.

The Best of H. E. Bates
634pp. Michael Joseph. £6.95.
0 7181 1943 6

The best of H. E. Bates? With so much to choose out of the cornucopia of a lifetime's fictional stuff—twenty-five novels, a score and more volumes of short stories—some devotees are bound to want to argue about that. No one, though, is very likely to dispute that what's here does include revealingly good examples of Bates's most characteristic work: there is, for instance, one of the Uncle Silas stories; there are stories such as "The Simple Life" about a snootily urban woman's conversion to the country and to sex in the country, and "The Little Farm" about an illiterate farmer's short-lived affair with a woman who answers his advertisement for help; and there is *The Darling Buds of May*, first of the ribald Larkin novels. And only the most argumentative of Bates-fanciers would want to question the inclusion of the novella *The Triple Echo* (1971), one of the finest of Bates's later returnings to wartime themes; *The Purple Plain*, first of the great trilogy of novels that wrote in the 1940s about Far Eastern theatres of conflict in the Second World War; and, of course, *Fair Stood the Wind for France* (1944), with reason thought by many to be the best British novel of the war.

What H. E. Bates does best, and what this superb selection aptly shows him best at, is satisfying his readers' deep longings for pastoral. Repeatedly he proves the delights that attend life in the pastoral enclave, the garden enclosed, shut off from discords and disturbances. Take, for example, the eternal summer of memory where time is forever suspended in a Huck Finn boyhood. The blessed in Bates's fiction cannot only recall when the "modder were yellor", "yoller as a guinea", but—like Uncle Crow in "Great Uncle Crow"—they can actually recreate those times, "a model of amicable beneficence on Dickensian lines, nicely lubricated by doses from his 'neck-oll' bottle, Crow conjures up for Luky Boy the entrancing edible components of his own blissful past: watercress (he found the watercress in the bucket, cool in the shadow of the little house), moorhen's eggs ("Now you put the cresses on that there plate there and then put your nose inside that there basin and see what's inside"), spring-water to boil the eggs, salt to "froast" the cresses, and vinegar to "brine" the bread, "pasted" with "summer golden butter"; all nature's goodness, in fact, handed to the lad on a golden plate. "But not on a golden plate?" he inquires. But yes, for the sun was a gold plate in the sky."

This generous artfulness with the powerful nostalgia of idyll has become, of course, so much the desired effect of bad novelists and devisers of television advertisements for brown bread, and such that better writers tend now to shy away from it. Happily, H. E. Bates does not. Roger of *The Simple Life*, a boy with "exceptionally bright" eyes, keeps correcting himself: Mrs Bartholomew's misimpressions of marshland wildlife. And in their distinctly quiet way, Bates's adjectives prove continually as telling as Auden's best:

In the evening sun the shadow of the walnut tree lay on the dull stone house, darkening the grey frames of the windows that had not been painted for years. It lay across the surface of the pond crusted by duck-weed. It was heavy on rusted harrows lying deep in nettles by the barn, and on empty tarred pigsties made long ago of barrel staves, and on junk littered and forgotten under the broken roofs of ragged hovels. It seemed to subdue everything except one thing: Edna Johnson's light-yellow hair.

Bates is always working manifestly hard for the exact description. He will modify adjective by adjective. Golden-pink, grey-green, green-pink, amethyst, rose-pink, green, white: how these double-barrelled exactitudes pile up. But his prose does not only accumulate its impressions, it keeps on confidently selecting, seeking out the sharpest of comparisons from the widest fields

slightly distorted differences, taken at the seaside. Happiness comes to Franklin when he is shut up in a mill and hiding under a tarpaulin in a rowing boat. The farm in *The Triple Echo* "was one of those small half-lost farms that are cut off from the main roads in summer by dense barriers of beech and chestnut and repeatedly in winter by mud and fog and snow", and at Christmas the farmer's wife longs for snow to keep her AWOL man to herself. But mainly Bates's blessed moments come in the rural out-of-doors amidst the agricultural lushnesses of summer and early autumn.

June, July and August are Bates's particular months. He likes his fictions to be out and about when there's some chance of the day being the hottest one of the year. His pages gorge themselves on the sights and smells of peaches and apples and figs and strawberries, gooseberries and damsons. Wherever the fiction is set Bates's prose is zestfully busy, touching and tasting and sniffing at things that grow—the yuccas in France, frangipani and lime and jasmine in Burma, the shales eaten then often with their summery, juicy sweetness running down his chin.

Naturally, this abundance can on occasions seem overdone. We do not have to wait for the appearance of grapes or grape-juice ("It was partly sweet and very cool. Once I did not drink but let his lips stay in the glass, so that the coolness bathed them, and finally, when he lay down again, he let the wetness remain on the cracked dry skin") to start discerning the purple patch. But the lushness is always savagely rooted in country lore. Life-savingly sometimes as when Franklin warns his men not to cross a sugar beet field ("Going through will make a hell of a noise") or Forrester ekes out his water-supply by sucking pebbles ("He remembered how, as a boy, he had gone to the well in the garden, and how, in the August heat, in the dry eastern fields, the labourers had taught him to suck a pebble, to quench his thirst"). And the sprawling adjectives always sound convincingly precise.

Bates's eye always alights acutely on the object. The unseeing eyes of the imperceptible have, in fact, to be educated into the author's, the countryman's way of acute noticing. "The boy, Roger of *The Simple Life*, a boy with 'exceptionally bright' eyes, keeps correcting himself: Mrs Bartholomew's misimpressions of marshland wildlife. And in their distinctly quiet way, Bates's adjectives prove continually as telling as Auden's best:

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of metaphorical possibility. Water as big as "China breakfast cups". "There was so much hem in the rolls", in "The Major of Hussars", "that it hung over the side like pink spaniels' ears". In the heat of *The Purple Plain* a towel dries "to the unkindly roughness of a loofah hunk". Some poets have rested their main claim to distinction on being able to manoeuvre metaphor like that; but it is only one among many shots in Bates's crowded locker. Not that the power of metaphor is not, however, at the heart of Bates's pastoral. It is, for example, his words underscoring the force of his women as part of the natural world.

Bates is one of the most tenderly affectionate describers of desirable women in English literature (tender, tenderly, tenderness are, not surprisingly, among his most used words). His narratives love women of all sorts, and love to dress, as well as undress, women in all kinds of clothes. Bates is obsessed by cloth of every sort, especially cloth with a woman's body beneath it. But, noticeably, he does prefer his women dressed in green—the green skirt of *Franklin*, the green of the pale green blouse of *Forrester*, the green of *The Purple Plain*, the lime-green silk dress of Mariette in *The Darling Buds of May*, the vivid emerald of *Fair Stood the Wind for France*. And these green-clad creatures become more and more evidently still the apter of pastoral beloveds in the transformations wrought on them by Bates's metaphors. Like the fruits of the earth, they become good things to eat, their skin silky and creamy, their hair coffee-brown, their mouths plum-like or like the strawberries they chew ("Mr Charlton looked up to see the lips of Mariette parted half in laughter, half in the act of biting into some glistening orb of love dark ripe flesh"). The eyes of *Franklin*, open as she prays, is "like a black cherry held against her partly opened fingers".

Boorman's boorishness is evinced by his angry ripping up his wife's green dress; conversely, Mrs Boorman's ideal of love is a passing stranger is enacted when she's discerned to be, as it were, an apricot. "Then suddenly he caught sight of the apricot dress."

Mrs Boorman seemed to her lover "actually to be walking as if in fact she were a myth". The stuff of Bates's pastoral is, like that of all pastorals, a mythically prelapsarian business; and this can never be sustained after because our arts are all more or less fallen ones. In the case of Bates, a 1930s author who kept on writing into the 1970s, the Fall repeated itself many times. The entire *doux* garden he writing grew up in turned out to be no less a pastoral enclosure away from distress and violence, but a cage into which writing and writers were willy-nilly locked, a prison infiltrated by wars and rumours of wars, "where the bogatiers were not defensive 'pales' but threatening borders across which, in 1939, the world was violently shoved into yet more slaughter. And after the war, there descended a wintry greyness (as Bates perceives it) of socialism and taxation and the accelerated rutilation of the land by petrol-driven machines, transistorized vulgarity, and barbarians in their weekend cottages. All of which, however, Bates also bravely acknowledges, sternly facing his gentle mythologies with the harder realities of our times.

So his fine pastoral enclaves keep being smashed apart. Sophie swims among the water-lilies on a hot summer's day in "The Four Beauties", but drowns shortly after. All too soon the Military Police winkle *The Triple Echo* as a deserting soldier out of his farm hide-away, and, with mixed feelings, his beloved shoots him and his captor dead, like Blore in *The Purple Plain*, *Franklin's* father commits messy suicide ("the cushion, the revolver and the head were a mass of dust and blood and bloody confusion"). Emmet, the crooked milkman of "The Little Farm", drives out the farmer's girlfriend with threats and cajolings. Blissfulness, in other words, might be achieved, but it does not last. Troubles patrol its frontiers. O'Connor will die, in *Fair Stood*

the *Wind*, quite literally on the frontier. War and death are non-gainsayable interveners. A bomb's blast snatches away *Forrester's* new wife even as they dance together "the feeling of his wife's tender body through the thin silk dress". High-fliers, the airmen of Bates's war fictions, these heroes in the 1930s style, superior in their big boots, supreme in their lofty bombing planes, come inevitably to grief crash-landing, burnt to death, mutilated.

His arm amputated after his Wellington's crash, Franklin finds himself become a wingless aircraft, a dicky plane with only "one engine", struggling to knot his tie and do up his trousers. *The Purple Plain*, Mr Phang is dubbed in fact, "Mr Phang". "It's an important word with us. It's a kind of comic word", asserts *Forrester*. "It means to crash. An aeroplane—blow up, an accident. That's 'prang'. It's his woman wants to know, 'Is it comic?' Now, indeed? But one of Bates's astutest stratagems for coping with the end of pastorals as he has known them is to reconstitute the Garden of Eden ironically, making its grotesque modern inheritors, the Larkins, as comically as possible. Bates is blackly but also tenderly funny.

The Larkins, with their tax fiddles, their exploiting of the "National Elf lark" with Pop's swish old Rolls, their ignorance and illiteracy and their host of tellies, their gruesome booziness and grimly excessive gourmandizing, with lumbering fat Ma's dismaying trans- parent nightie and the family's refinements of sexual "technique", the Larkins are everything that Leavis and the old Organic Communitarians feared most. As they prosper, the older denizens of the countryside, the Brigadier, the Indian ladies, Sir George Bluff-Gore, go down the hill, fraying and patched, diluting their whisky sadly, wondering whether Bluff Court might as well be sold to Pop for a packet of Y. In the pastoralists though the Larkins be, they've

tapped the genuine Keatsian intensities. After all, Keats himself was a noisy Cockney sensualist, not unlike them. And though the burping and the frank chat about bowels, not to mention the menu chez Larkin—ice-cream, with jam and chips, lead-buns with tomato-sauce and lurid cockralls—might turn the better-bred stomach, Pop's "Perfick", as he surveys his Paradise Garden and anticipates the fruit-picking, the June stewberries, the July cherries, the August apples and plums and pears, the September hops, seems just the right verdict.

Much against the prevailing odds, whether there are perturbing modern violences or loud Larkin uncouthnesses, the quiet strains of Bates's preferred rural world are continued. Bates is always paying tribute to survivors who cling fiercely to life—that crowd of women who trekked north to escape the Japs in *The Purple Plain*, or *Forrester* in the same novel who toughly carries the burned *Carrington* back to civilization. "I was of a fierce kind of affection for the very livingness of the boy". And despite everything working to the contrary, Bates makes trust and comradeship, love and tenderness for which no one has a more delicate touch than he; the repeated silent scenes where male lovers softly touch or kiss the naked breasts of their female beloveds never fail to compel—makes these virtues seem feasible as well as worthwhile survivors. It amounts, of course, to a faith in the continued virtues of ordinary people, "the little people" that *Fair Stood the Wind* so sticks up for the inhabitants of the "little" farms that lofty Franklin has to come acceptingly down among. It's a belief, too, in the importance of keeping up the humane tasks of the traditional novel. It is no accident that the lovers' long road to safety in *Fair Stood the Wind* should remind one so piercingly of Pip and Magwitch trying to escape by boat in *Great Expectations*. A journey where their love emerges triumphantly as they hold hands at last—not that when O'Connor performs his final act of self-sacrifice at the end of the same Bates novel he should be turning himself movingly into a convict, in latter-day Sidney Carton.

Turner Studies

HIS ART AND EPOCH

1775-1851

Edited by Eric Shanes

Published by The Mallord Press in association with The

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OF GREAT BRITAIN

commentary

Fact-gathering mission

By Valentine Cunningham

The Dogs of War
Odeon, Leicester Square

Frederick Forsyth's million-selling novel about mercenaries, *The Dogs of War* (1974), reads like a manual for would-be mounters of coups in corrupt African states. So much so that Forsyth has been involved in some actual coup about which his novel is telling all. Shrewd sales-driving talk, no doubt, and carefully cooked by the movie version, about the hero, Jamie Shannon, played by Christopher Walken, who resembles not only James Dean but Forsyth himself. (And did I spot an actual photograph of Forsyth amidst Shannon's ex-wife's shrine of family mugs?) But for all the attractions of the rumours, I suspect a bright red herring.

For Forsyth is the novelist who has found out about finding out. He himself is clearly bemused by the acquisition of certain kinds of information. He knows that knowing how to front crooks, out-pace with security, respectability, launder money, meet an arms trafficker, hire a couple of toughs, falsify a passport or rustle weapons across frontiers, means power for the sort of people he writes about. He knows, too, that such knowing about the novelist's part makes

for power over readers—who still crave to know what is happening and what happens next.

So Forsyth relentlessly puts his characters through the do-it-yourself process by which he learned so much, liberally hands his hard-earned information about surts and gloats as he continually leads the reader to the water and keeps on inclining him to drink ("There is no great technical difficulty running an illegal French border in either direction, and that includes a quantity of black market arms"). "Belgium has, from the point of view of those wishing to operate a discreet but legal bank account, many advantages that outweigh those offered by the much better publicized Swiss banking system". *Dogs of War* is, in fact, a superior kind of anti-thriller, enthralling by laying bare the processes of its construction, thrilling by initiating you into its author's acquisitive methods and strategies, carefully unreserved about its reserves of undoubtedly authoritative know-how. It has a canniness that most makers of movie versions of novels would be hard pressed to match. And this movie version's team hasn't proved itself anything out of the ordinary.

To be sure, some of the novel's notable features have managed to survive. Forsyth's zest for *Holmes* comic kid-stuff commando activity has been retained. The film's opening life-off of mercenary hards from

some shelled airstrip is typical of the excitement that will pack in the fourteen-year-olds—the tough talk of "9mm quad" the steady readying of XM18E1R projectile launchers, the how-we-won't-die-war shooting from the hip, the wild delights of baroque-ing black men into kingdom come, a particularly nasty bit of torture involving jagged chunks of glass in the victim's mouth, and all this in *Star Wars*-style, wrap-the-fireworks-around-the-audience Dolby Sound.

Forsyth's obsession with money is equally obsessively dwelled on: millions of dollars in platinum lodes are at stake and hundreds of thousands of dollars are on stage. "Ten thousand in dollars, francs, or pounds?" "Would a hundred thousand cure your cold feet?" He wants to be God. I want to be rich. The ousted dictator is caught counting out his wads and blown away amidst billows of hard currency. And so Forsyth's scathing reflections about leftist talk and democratic practice go unheeded: the signs we keep being shown, "Hotel Independence" or "Strength through Justice", are mocked by the dictator's post-colonial terror, his inclusion in the rewritten Lord's Prayer, the moral rotteness and violence of his functionaries. "Airport Tax", says the guard, solemnly pocketing your ciggies and cash.

But evidently the bricolage, anti-novel aspects of Forsyth's writing are not thought suitable for movie consumers. So, little time is spared for the novel's main activity, Shannon's detailed organization of the coup. Instead, a good deal is wasted on making this originally British tough guy into an American veteran with a heart. Turned into a New York moocher, all bugs and budweiser, Shannon becomes god-father, no less, to an old chum's infant, who's shown being kind to black children. He carries on fighting only because his ex-wife won't take off with him in a trailer to Colorado.

Perhaps United States marketability also demands the long spell Shannon passes sousing out the Republic of Zangara, being beaten up in a moulty Zangaran jail, listening to dragging expostulations of Zangaran affairs, and falling in love with a black beauty. Nor, apparently, is this enough. Director John Irvin (out of television documentary work with *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy*) has also imported a telly newsmen and lots of telly newsmen anguish about filming restrictions in countries run by "black bastards".

It's a startling achievement, but the film's makers have managed to do it. The novel is a thick one, and the novel they started off with. Above all, outrageously, they've simplified. Not least by crude typing (the manipulative English financial chappie sports an *Old Man in Havana* brogue), the Frenchman is easily spotted by his glad cries of "Vive la guerre!", and typing on the crudest North American belly plan: "Let's eat," the Americans keep saying. The audience will know who's who, because the American wants peace (peace, he alleges, in London), the cockney wants "a plain cheese roll" while the "froggies", well, at least in these international movies (seven different locations, according to the credits) you know what you're in. Paris by the odd froggy food they seem so perversely to enjoy going in for.

A few of the curious letters George Eliot received after the publication of *Middlemarch* reflect the spread of her fame, and letters from rabble express gratitude for the picture of the Jew in *Daniel Deronda*. The George Eliot letters papers include some 200 of his own letters and many more to him. All of his extant journals from 1855 to 1870 and his diaries from 1855 to 1877 are here, and the manuscript of *Scenes of Clerical Life* are shown. In Germany with him in 1864, George Eliot translated many of the passages that Lewis quoted in his *Life of Goethe*, which was dedicated to Thomas Carlyle, whose portrait of Eliot is exhibited beside it.

None of John Walter Cross's letters to George Eliot have been found, but thirteen from her to him are in the collection. The earliest of them in 1872, address Cross as "Dear Nephew". Ten months after Lewis's death a letter to him from her, dated the following year, is also in the collection. She was married. Her copy of Thomas à Kempis's *The Imitation of Christ*, inscribed to Cross on their wedding day, is shown. The exhibition concludes with the order of service in Westminster Abbey for the only one of George Eliot's memorials to be unveiled at the Post's C.R. last June. Forsyth's copy of the postage stamp bearing George Eliot's portrait.

Journals and jottings

By Gordon S. Haight

George Eliot
Beinecke Library, Yale

To mark the centenary of George Eliot's death, the Beinecke Library has mounted an extensive exhibition of her manuscripts and books drawn from the largest collection of her papers in the world. Among the exhibits is the notebook she kept at the age of fifteen, signed in ornate script "Marianne Evans"; which contains her first attempt at fiction, a romance of the Civil Wars.

Only a few of Eliot's 1,082 letters in the collection can be shown, the sole surviving letter to her father Robert Evans, written after her refusal to go to church with him, is among them, in which she tries to make him understand the change in her religious belief. The largest group of letters is selected from more than 500 that Eliot addressed to the Brays and Sara Hennell, over a period of nearly forty years. One of these, a burlesque account of a proposal of marriage by a Professor Eucherius, displays her notion that she was lacking in humour. Others deal with problems in the translation of Strauss's *Life of Jesus* and Feuerbach's *Essence of Christianity*. Her letters to George Henry Lewes were all buried with her in Highgate, but some of her extensive correspondence with his sons is shown.

All of her extant journals, and her diary for the last year of her life, are in the exhibition; the only diary missing is that for 1879, which is in the Berg Collection in New York. Her commonplace book filled with extracts from her reading, her travel journals, and number of notebooks, including the one she kept in preparation for *Felix Holt*, are exhibited. The diary of John Chapman for 1851, which is the principal source of information about Eliot's life during this year, is opened at a passage describing her disappointment from his leaving the Strand because of the jealousy of his wife and his wife's Elizabeth Tilly.

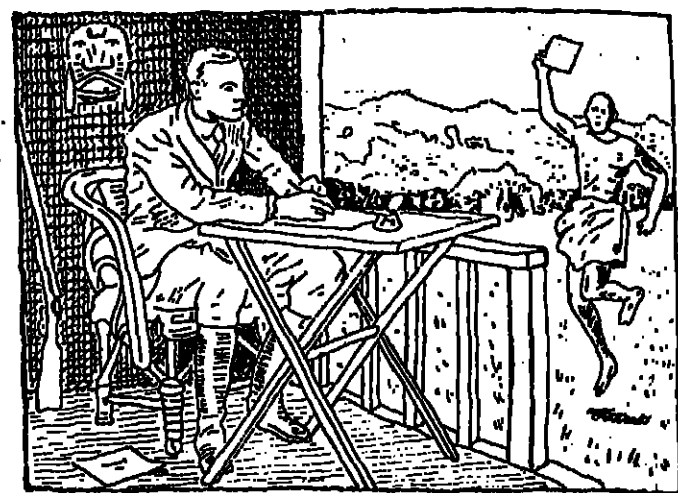
The manuscript of George Eliot's *Scenes of Clerical Life* are now on exhibition in the only one of George Eliot's memorials to be unveiled at the Post's C.R. last June. Forsyth's copy of the postage stamp bearing George Eliot's portrait.

Morgan Library in 1911. But the Yale Collection has the manuscripts of the short story "Brother Jacob" and the poem "A College Breakfast Party". The longest holograph in the collection comprises the 654 pages of George Eliot's translation of Spinoza's *Ethica*, which will be published for the first time next year.

Beside editions of *Scenes of Clerical Life* and *Adam Bede*, the Yale exhibition shows Jane Welsh Carlyle's enthusiastic letters of thanks to the unknown author who had sent the books to her. A letter from Mrs. Bowdler, recognising Eliot's authorship of *Adam Bede*, appears with a number of others arising from the hoax of Joseph Liggins, a Nonconformist man who pretended he had written the novel, and there is one from Mrs. Gaskell reminding her belief in the pretender. Some of Frederic Leighton's original drawings for the illustrations of *Romola* are shown with the plates in the Cornhill. The presentation copy of *Felix Holt* and some of the long correspondence with Frederic Harrison on legal problems in the novel are included.

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"I'LL NEVER FORGET THE DAY I BLAW STUMBLER ON THE WORK OF THE POST-IMPRESSIONISTS..."



WITH AN AIR OF WEARIED RESIGNATION PROFESSOR COOMBS TUCKED THE ESSAY BACK INTO MY BEARD

Two of the Glen Baxter drawings being shown at the Institute of Contemporary Arts until June 10. Baxter's most recent work, *My Beard*, is being sold in the gallery's shop at £3.95. Individual drawings also available as well-printed postcards, price 15p.

Green room reality

By Stuart Sutherland

Trelawny of the Wells
Old Vic

Actors enjoy playing actors: it provides the opportunity to indulge in histrionics while remaining realistic. *Trelawny of the Wells* was the first play to set the antics of the green room squarely before the public, and the current cast in Timothy West's production at the Old Vic takes advantage of the chances offered.

The play is a nice blend of realism and histrionics, and is indeed partly about the real realm in theatre. First produced in 1890, it is set in the 1860s; although it looks back nostalgically to the theatre of those days, the principal character, Tom Wrench, is based on the first exponent of "cup and saucer" drama, Tom W. Robertson ("T.W.R."), who had considerably influenced Pinero himself. Like Robertson and Pinero in his youth, Tom Wrench is an actor who has never progressed beyond the "Gentle Ullity". He cannot get his plays performed because, as he says, "I strive to make my plays talk and behave like people. He even wants realistic scenery with door handles that actually turn: he would have disapproved of the sets in the current production, with

their painted doors and what lacking relief—a nice double *Trelawny of the Wells* comedy in which the laughter is not from absurd situations but from characters acting out their eccentricities and comment wryly upon them. Both nostalgia and the humour beautifully caught by the cast, Robert Lindsay plays a wistful Tom Wrench, trapped awkwardly by the play's setting on the last Monday in April, 1972.

The comedy is brought on by the receipt of a letter from Lila Bhoolabhai ("Ownership"), written by her husband Frank Bhoolabhai ("Management") from the flashy new Shiraz hotel, terminating the marriage of the Smellies' bungalow annex. The older Smellie's hotel. The letter is written partly out of greed (Ownership is buying into a consortium and the site is valuable), partly out of a series of piques and malcontents: Lucy has engaged a boy to move the grave of her whole family; she believes the boy to be lent by Mrs Bhoolabhai; the boy borrows Mrs Bhoolabhai's shears.

The casting of the Granada production (December 28) could not have been bettered. Trevor Howard, with bluff muscle-bound and yet nervously observant and suspicious, is excellent as Tusk. Celia Johnson as Lucy has the original character's youthful silliness, the limited common sense, and the half-profound sense of loss, of the unachieved. Pearl Padanase as the "bitchy" Smellie's wife, Mrs. Bhoolabhai, alternately

Academic bodies

By Hermione Lee

The History Man
BBC TV

People who mix up Lodge and Bradbury's campus novels have to be reminded that *Changing Places* is the affectionate one that makes you laugh and *The History Man* is the unforgiving one that makes you wince. Bradbury's novel rattles along callously in the present tense, marking down its subjects with long passages of flat, brisk, stagey dialogue, with carefully diagrammed set pieces and with a great display of Conrad-Lifestyle paraphernalia. This is the Kirks' domestic environment:

They live together in a tall, thin, stuccoed Georgian house, which is in a slum clearance area in the middle of the town. It is an ideal situation for the Kirks, close to the real social problems, the beach, the radical bookshop, the public planning clinic, the macrobiotic foodstore, the welfare office, the high-rise council flats, and the rapid ninety-minute electric train service up to London. Close, in short, to the stuff of ongoing life.

Howard Kirk, mid-thirties, ex-Leeds radical sociologist of the early 1970s, is the narrator's easy prey, and as Kirk is to his narrow, so all the other characters are to Kirk: fields of experiment, opportunities for a plot in which Kirk "travels free" and everyone else gets lacerated. All his contradictions, whether sexual or professional (for sexual and professional) are means of demonstrating his theoretical vantage point.

All other characters are coldly slotted into the "plot" to illustrate what the opposition is to Kirk: middle-class snob (Marvin, head of department); social psychology (Flora Beniform, succubus clinical mistress-colleague); reactionary individualism (George

Carmody, Kirk's loathsome and pathetic persecuted student); nineteenth-century liberalism (Miss Callender, English teacher); or the possibility of tragedy, not covered by Kirk's plot (Barbara, his wife, and Benish, the "accident man"). The book's best things are its brilliantly encapsulated social constructs (the parties, the seminar, the departmental meeting). Its least inviting moments are the fates it forces upon all Kirk's victims, down to the sexual surrender of Annie Callender, who has been carefully brought in as the only serious witty and humane enough to beat Kirk at his game, and who is then just as carefully let down—so that, in this plot, the reader can have no one to rely on.

Something strange happens to all this in Christopher Hampton's exact and clever four-episode version for television (BBC 2, Sunday evenings). The episodic quality is perfectly caught, the insistence on environmental materiality is maintained without becoming tiresome, and everyone and everywhere looks as it should. Anthony Sher's dapper, cocky, physically self-assured Kirk, sporting Zapata moustache and tight T-shirts and soft persuasive eyes, is obnoxious in exactly the right way (though perhaps not quite obnoxious enough). Bradbury's flat, fierce dialogue translates surprisingly well to human voices. And the maddest joke can't fail, with two superb performances from Paul Brooke as the hapless Henry Benish, to his misanthropic "Thank God it's term again, I can give up working on my book" and from Michael Hordern, looking more than ever like a dyspeptic bloodhound, and wonderfully, if predictably, cast as Professor Marvin ("Is he really a failing person? We do require a really very high standard of nothingness for that").

What is lost is, of course, the narrative voice, which so tightly maintains its hold over contingency and individualism; and what replaces it are human bodies, which necessarily have to have lives of their own. So the book-as-film at once spread among pillows and silks and hurtling ventrally, pink and gold shimmering after her, through the world she munges, is a presence hard to forget; it was brave of her to be so wholeheartedly appalling. As Frank, Saeed Jaffrey is both dignified and occasionally properly ludicrous. And Zia Moyheddin, the Smellies' one servant, thriving, intrepid English phrase to the gardening boy with the proper aplomb:

"What is this buggeroff?" "It is a very old English phrase meaning 'Jeld'no. Likewise piss-off. These are sacred phrases, Joseph, never to be used by you or me when speaking to Saeed."

Does it work? The comedy certainly does: the history and anti-history of the Shiraz, the sad yet determined face of Lucy in the Christian church where Indians don out-of-date Christian hymns, the extraordinary moment where Lucy, having her new blue dress brushed out at the Shiraz, has the news of Tusk's death broken to her. About the relationship between the English married couple I am less sure. In both novel and play they are most of all a pair of snobs, and the screen, interior monologue, half-memory, the attempt to grasp one's sense of another, of oneself, has to be conveyed by the talking or thinking head—the viewer's contemplation of the marvellously nutty, bawdy, gallant, silly-silly face of Celia Johnson, or the heavily immobile, dumbly despairing Trevor Howard. There are a few too many camera shifts from such iconic heads to the breathtaking silver, aquamarine, Prussian blue shadows and flooding light of the Indian hills.

And the moment which is central to the novel—when Lucy, lying in bed under her unnecessary mosquito netting, reads the letter Tusk has written to her—does not, for me, have the simple force it has on the page. Tusk writes

becomes much more about sex. The tune of Don Giovanni's seduction of Zerlina runs under much of the action (it's last heard playing on Miss Callender's radio) and Kirk's sexual imbroghos are found to be at the centre of the plot, and not, as in the book, just one facet of Kirk's dealings with "the stuff of ongoing life". "Perhaps your story is an odyssey of sexual heroism", Miss Callender suggests scathingly before she too gives in. In placing its attention here and making Kirk a Don Juan of the 1970s, the film runs the risk of looking, at times, too much like *Another Round*, a cold yet more Barbed Wire. Kirk is a monster, in Hampton's version, not so much for his political stance (though the film adds a new twist to that by telling us, at the end, that he's now a Professor of Sociology who lectured Conservative in 1979) as for his incapacity to love.

In the film, the other characters assume—through fine performances—a dignity and pathos which it is not in the book's interests to allow them. Even ratty, randy little Miss Benish, Patricia Quinn, the student with a crush on Kirk, gains a sort of squalid pride; and the tragic potentiality of Barbara (Geraldine James) and of Benish, firmly held at bay in the book by means of an alienating comic briskness, now threatens to take over the plot context. Annie Callender complains bitterly to Kirk, in the book: "One hates not to be of the essence. Related to a minor subplot. In his (the student George Carmody's) version I'm quite a rounded character. The mocker is against Kirk, who makes life itself a joke. But it also suggests the kind of anti-novel Bradbury is writing, in which the readers' liberal, old-fashioned expectations of 'rounded characters' are bound to be thwarted. In film, those expectations are oddly fulfilled, and a cold schematic novel about ideas becomes a warm story about bodies.

The History Man is published by Secker and Warburg (£5.50, 0 436 06502 9).

A pity, too, given this brief but damaging ineffectiveness, that Moshinsky (or his script editor) should have cut Helena's stern lines on the later bed-trick and on the workings of the sexual imagination. "When I was young, I had a dozen thoughts of defecating the night; so I thought I'd like to know what it was like to do it." "You loathe for that which is away"—one of a lot of textual bickerings which an institutional series like this might try harder to do without. It is a pity that the actors keep confessing: "you

—an important difference in Shakespeare—or that ten lines are dropped here, whole short scenes there, 'difficult' classical allusions everywhere. The production, too, potently removes some crucial thematic passages—one which underscores the seedy pragmatism of Pericles (Peter Jeffrey) early on, for example, or some of Helena's moving speech to the King about human actions and divine help, crucial to her view of life (which is, broadly, that it is when people take their destiny into their own hands that providence is best able to intervene for them). Such abbreviations gain nothing, at some expense.

One is left, though, almost continuously moved, especially by the play's normally absurd and over-long resolution: here thrillingly unlikely, indefensible, tawdry and miraculous. The camera concentrates remorselessly as Barbara's life proliferates and she is uncovered, as the faces of the older generation grow more wretchedly shocked and confused, and as Helena has her wish-fulfilling way. Health farm notwithstanding, I've never seen the play so well done.

Texts of the BBC TV Shakespeare, each with introductory material about the play and the production and notes on how the text has been treated, are published by the BBC (35 Marylebone Road, W1) at £2. All's Well has been delayed, but *The Merchant of Venice* is now out.

Straying On is published by Heinemann (54-56, 434 48113 X). Patrick Swinden's *Paul Scott—Images of India* is reviewed on page 36.

Camera cuts

By Jeremy Treglown

All's Well That Ends Well
BBC TV

The play seems so calculated to test the limits of our credulity and tolerance that an exceptional amount hangs on actors who are not only convincing but—as in the case of Angela Down's serenely unstoppable Helena in this latest BBC Shakespeare—convicted. Elijah Moshinsky's cast is outstanding, and the production—his first for television—correspondingly deft. The Casting Director was plainly ransacked for a Martin Amis lookalike as Bertram, and the result (Ian Charleson) is so subtly handsome that it hardly matters if he sounds as if he's over in France on a football excursion from Glasgow. Celia Johnson is his understandably anxious old mother, Michael Hordern the melancholy-wise, genial old Lafew.

Moshinsky has framed the scenes as a series of calm seventeenth-century Dutch paintings, using mirrors to give depth to his surface and filling the small screen with the interplay of grouping and of light and shade, rather than with elaborate action or tricky camerawork. It works beautifully, and gives a rich context to the unexpectedly plausible action itself. Helena's falling (on the rebound from her father's death) for her shifty childhood friend Bertram, to his miserably trapped duplicities in the arranged marriage which follows.

To some actors, though, nothing can be plausible unless it is overtly sexy. It's a pity that Donald Sinden has been encouraged or allowed to make the French King an old lecher with a voice as fruitfully nasal as Kenneth Williams's. His marvellous censure in this interpretation, looks as if it will involve Helena in some kind of head-farm sauna activities—a plan she seems to go along with, kissing the repellent old snoty com-plantly at the end of a groupy III, which both goes against her performance of the character otherwise as she steals attention for the hammy Sinden.

A pity, too, given this brief but damaging ineffectiveness, that Moshinsky (or his script editor) should have cut Helena's stern lines on the later bed-trick and on the workings of the sexual imagination. "When I was young, I had a dozen thoughts of defecating the night; so I thought I'd like to know what it was like to do it." "You loathe for that which is away"—one of a lot of textual bickerings which an institutional series like this might try harder to do without. It is a pity that the actors keep confessing: "you

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The Raj and the Great Tradition

By A. S. Byatt

Straying On
Granada TV

Paul Scott's final Raj novel, *Straying On*, would seem to be an ideal choice for television. It is cut down in time and in space, which is partly exotic, partly lovingly recreated, domestic detail. Tusk and Lucy Smalley, seventy-odd and the only remaining British inhabitants of Shalimar, may contemplate the shape of their whole apparently shapeless lives, but the action of both novel and play, in turn banal, comic, crude, appalling, deeply moving, is confined to the events leading up to Tusk's massive coronary on the last Monday in April, 1972.

The comedy is brought on by the receipt of a letter from Lila Bhoolabhai ("Ownership"), written by her husband Frank Bhoolabhai ("Management") from the flashy new Shiraz hotel, terminating the marriage of the Smellies' bungalow annex. The older Smellie's hotel. The letter is written partly out of greed (Ownership is buying into a consortium and the site is valuable), partly out of a series of piques and malcontents: Lucy has engaged a boy to move the grave of her whole family; she believes the boy to be lent by Mrs Bhoolabhai; the boy borrows Mrs Bhoolabhai's shears.

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Oxford
University Press

Mill on Liberty

C.L. Ten

The cause of individual liberty was John Stuart Mill's lifelong preoccupation. This detailed and sympathetic, but not uncritical, study of Mill's famous essay *On Liberty* argues for the general consistency and coherence of Mill's defence of individual liberty, but maintains that there are significant non-utilitarian elements in his arguments. The foundations of Millian liberalism are subjected to fresh analysis, and Mill's principles are applied to topical issues such as the enforcement of the shared morality of society, paternalism, censorship, blasphemy, and obscenity. £12 paper covers £4.95.

A Bibliography of Arnold J. Toynbee

Edited by S. Fiona Morton

This new bibliography of the works of the late Arnold J. Toynbee supersedes the previous list of works compiled by Monica Popper and published under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs in 1955. The present book is in three parts: Part I lists Toynbee's works and includes critical material relating to particular books and articles; Part II covers more general works about Toynbee; Part III contains indexes and lists. £25

Delectus ex Iambis et Elegis Graecis

Edited by M.L. West

This is a selection from the two volumes of *Iambi et Elegi Graeci*, of which the *Classical Review* wrote: "The general plan and presentation of the volume is faultless. The principal writers included are Archilochus, Hipponax, the Theognidea, Callaeus, Minnermus, Semonides, Solon and Tyrtaeus. £7.95 Oxford Classical Texts

Lancelot do Lac

The Non-Cyclic Old French Prose Romance

Edited by Elspeth Kennedy

The prose *Lancelot* is one of the basic works of European literature. This edition gives the thirteenth-century text of the French prose-romance relating the advance of Lancelot from his childhood to the death of his friend Galehot. It was originally an independent romance, but later became the first part of a great cycle and this edition will now enable scholars to study how this transformation was made. Two volumes £60

Depression after Childbirth

Katharina Dalton

Dr Dalton tries to dispel the common belief that postnatal depression can be dispelled if the mother can only "pull herself together". Using many case histories to emphasize her point, she argues that women become depressed after childbirth because of a hormonal change, and that there is hope for the future to be taken from the number of women now being cured by hormone therapy. Illustrated £4.95. Oxford Paperbacks £1.95

to the editor

'The Greek Language'

Sir,—On my return from two months in the Antipodes I have just read John Chadwick's review of my *Greek Language* (November 28, 1980). Constructive criticism and correction of errors are welcome and salutary. Crude misrepresentation must be nailed in the interest of truth. Chadwick leaves the core of the book untouched (the language of poetry and prose), concentrates his fire on the early chapters and makes three main points, all of which come under this heading. I take them in chronological order. The first concerns the pre-Greek people, and Chadwick attacks an "etymological theory" of mine. In fact the book reports what is perhaps the most revolutionary development in this field, next to the decipherment of Linear B, namely the researches of Emmanuel Laroche into the place-names of Greece. Paul Kretschmer in 1896 argued that names like *Paros* and *Corinthos* were clues to the identity of the pre-Greek people. They pointed to Asia Minor, and he detected echoes in the Lycian inscriptions. Laroche, an eminent specialist in the Anatolian languages, has pointed out that the names are concentrated in the southern half of Asia Minor, which during the second millennium BC was occupied by Luwian speakers. He has shown explicit place-names in question are explicable either as Luwian or Hittite forms. In my *Greek Language* I make it clear that all I have done is to contribute a few points which harmonize with these conclusions.

Yet, Chadwick asserts that my detailed exposition of Laroche's work "eight pages of special pleading" for a view which "I generally rejected". By whom? I submitted a detailed account of Laroche's work to the First Congress of Mycenaean Studies in Rome, 1967. Laroche attacked a Linear B Colloquium at Salamanca in 1970, at which Professor Anna Davies rightly remarked that his first paper (on *Paros*, etc.) had become famous. In a long discussion I was one of the few who challenged Laroche's claims. This was Chadwick's chance. As for the archaeological side, the author of the relevant chapter of the revised *Cambridge Ancient History* questions the existence of the Luwian language!

There has recently been much discussion of the interrelationships of the Greek dialects. After listing the main characteristics of the major groups (Doric, Ionic, etc.) I devote eleven pages to a close examination of the new theory, Chadwick writes "It is a pity that the main dialect groups are not evaluated in the new theories". In reaching a conclusion I quote (p. 74), as is proper in a work of this kind, the verdict of the most recent authoritative survey, "My research into Greek (12. 10. 1970) and G. Nagy, who said that the main dialect groups were differentiated in the late Bronze Age. Chadwick suppresses this and implies that it is an old-fashioned view of mine."

The third misrepresentation concerns another very recent "theory" ascribed to "some linguists". Chadwick is again admitting his paterfamilias. He has argued that the common people of the Mycenaean world spoke a kind of "Doric". I have studied the linguistic evidence of new material. But scholars seem to keep multiplying the "Doric" dialects. Before basing any conclusion on a "theory" of mine, Chadwick writes "It is a pity that the main dialect groups are not evaluated in the new theories". In reaching a conclusion I quote (p. 74), as is proper in a work of this kind, the verdict of the most recent authoritative survey, "My research into Greek (12. 10. 1970) and G. Nagy, who said that the main dialect groups were differentiated in the late Bronze Age. Chadwick suppresses this and implies that it is an old-fashioned view of mine."

remarkable logic he then rounds on me: "It is harder to explain the *damnatio memoriae* which has led to the total suppression of any mention of Atkinson's book." Why should a bibliography intended merely as a guide to further reading list such a work? And who has done the damping? Significantly, this is Chadwick's opening shot and sets the tone for his whole review.

L. R. PALMER.
A-5073, Sistrans 139, Austria.

George Gissing

Sir,—I wish to correct a misleading error that somehow crept into the printed plot summary of Gissing's newly discovered tale "A Mother's Hope" (Unknown, Gissing stories from the dropping out of two words and a comma created a scandalous plot twist not found in the story itself: "Mary Patterson, whose fisherman husband James had disappeared at sea about a year before she gave birth to her baby." Professor Constable and I originally wrote, however, that the husband "disappeared at sea about a year ago, just before she gave birth to their baby".

ROBERT L. SELIG.
Department of English, Purdue University Calumet, Hammond, Indiana 46323.

Saki

Sir,—It is interesting that Michael Levey's sensitive and perceptive review of *The Complete Works of Saki* (December 5) relies so heavily on biographical material and attempts to draw conclusions about Saki from the fantasies written by Saki the author. Levey rightly says that "It has not been easy, or perhaps sufficiently tempting, for anyone to attempt a sustained analysis of either the man or his work." As one of the reviewers would-be biographers it is, perhaps, my place to add a little more. The redoubtable Ethel M. Munro, the sister to whom Levey refers, was a sister and a possessive guardian of her brother's concerns, and no less so after his death. Although she was the elder, she survived him by thirty-nine years. It is not clear when, but it is certain that she destroyed all the material relating to Saki in which she could lay her hands on. She was hostile to any biographical attempts except that of Norman Denny and even this one was abandoned for lack of factual material. The only other sibling, Charles, had two daughters but they have not been useful material. There are very few people still alive who met him and even fewer surviving written testimonies. One is, therefore, reliant entirely on the writings themselves and they, as Levey has pointed out, lead one only to conjecture and deduction. "A sustained analysis of the writings" leads one only to conjectures about the man and conjectures about the man lead inevitably back to the teasing, fascinating writings.

In his review Mr Levey meditates upon Saki's emotional response to women and to boys and, in this context, the strange detached, yet obsessive, nature of the stories must not be forgotten. It may be illuminating to recall Ethel M. Munro's letter to G. J. Spence (written in his *The Secret of Saki*, New York, 1924) in which she writes, "One day he came to me and said, 'I am certain I have met him. He would have been fun to see. It is best not to treat him.'"

It is significant that even his own acquaintances found Munro aloof. Hugh Walpole wrote of him, "I think his personality must have been a little bit of a mystery to me." "And he said, 'I don't get a word out of him.' He said, 'I was sure of him as a queer bird' and Christopher Morley, in 1933, wrote with a truth subsequent experience has confirmed, "The fact that Saki was a writer is his only redeeming feature. He was a writer who wrote about Saki exists only to be read."

SUSAN HAMLYN.
33 Haversham Avenue, Ealing, London W13 9UF.

Christianity and Homosexuality

Sir,—Anthony Grey's spirited defence of homosexual relationships is not furthered by his unwarranted criticisms of the psychoanalytic tradition or of the Christian faith (Letters, December 19). No less than he, would reject credulity and dogmatism. But I see no reason to reject well-tried principles for the investigation of the human personality, or to dismiss the data that these principles have yielded. If Mr Grey does not sufficiently understand the analytic tradition of psychological investigation, he would do well to reserve judgment on this matter, instead of making dogmatic and unevoked criticisms. I am acquainted with the kind of literature that Mr Grey cites, but do not find it as convincing as he does, largely because it does not do justice to a major dimension of human personality. Such literature is certainly useful, but its limitations should be respected.

I entirely agree that homosexuality is not the only form of human incompletion. Many heterosexuals manifest some form of immaturity, and this needs to be borne in mind. In addition, homosexuality certainly does not imply sexual immaturity, and it would be improper to overlook the intellectual and social contributions made by homosexual persons. Nevertheless, I would still maintain—from a considered evaluation of the evidence available—that homosexuality presupposes a certain kind of incomplete development.

However, this is not the entirety of my position, and I am surprised that Mr Grey does not notice that my own assessment of the analytic data leads to some distinctly original conclusions. I personally speak not only of incomplete development, but of "an inherent striving towards completion." Specialist help may be required to overcome the contained defensive mechanism but the capacity for homo-emotional love is—in my view—the reparative attempt to make good same-sex developmental deficits. In other words, it is the solution to the problem of self-love. Bisexuality would assume a lesser degree of developmental deficit, and in heterosexuality would require the completion of the same-sex developmental process.

I consider that the homo-emotional drive seeks to fulfill certain legitimate developmental needs. However, I do not believe that these needs could be expressed sexually, precisely because they pertain to pre-adult development. It is of course a value-judgment, and Mr Grey and others may wish to disagree with this particular contention. They are entitled to differ, but they should not assume that a conservative viewpoint is inferior to informed reflection, or that a liberal viewpoint must be free from fixed assumptions. If Mr Grey sees no possibility of modifying his own very definite viewpoint, it is only a matter of time before he would be prepared to admit to this.

ELIZABETH MOBERLY.
Lucy Cavendish College, Cambridge.

'The Men with the Pink Triangle'

Sir,—Julian Bynne (Letters, December 12) adds another chapter to the subject of Nazi persecution of homosexuals in his comment upon your review of *The Men with the Pink Triangle*. But it is regrettable that he does so insensitively and, indeed, offensively.

The distinction in his opening sentence between "persecution of homosexuals" and "the atrocities of the Nazis" might make one suspicious of his disingenuous claim to "address an imbalance of perspective" in your review—especially when he can go on to write, "Degeneracy was a queer word, as well as of sexuality." The evidence which he gives does not quite support Mr Bynne's contention. One's main objection to his review is that he implies that since homosexuals persecuted Jews, since homosexuals persecuted

preferred sex with men anyway, it was a matter of small consequence which men they submitted to. Does he really think that? If he doesn't, why could sexual oppression "be used to advantage" by desperate homosexuals any more than by desperate heterosexuals? If he does, perhaps he should canvass the view among his heterosexual women-friends that, since they prefer sex with men anyway, it doesn't much matter which men they go to bed with.

NORMAN STEVENSON.
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George Ives

Sir,—E. S. Turner's comment in his review of *Man Bites Man* (December 19) that "if Ives took a close interest in news of Oscar Wilde he was hardly unique" is not quite fair. George Ives had known Wilde since 1892, had discussed homosexual law reform with Wilde, Douglas and their circle, and had helped with the preparation of the notorious *Chameleon*. In his book *Coming Out* Jeffrey Weeks suggests that Ives founded a secret society of homosexuals known as "The Order of the Gaiety". After Wilde's release Ives visited him in Paris but was impatiently rebuffed for his excessive secrecy. Something of the latter phase is documented in Hart-Davis's edition of Wilde's letters: for the rest of the story patient scholars will have to persevere with Ives's endless though cryptic diaries now housed in the Humanities Research Center at Austin, Texas.

JOHN STOKES.
Department of English, University of Warwick, Coventry, Warwickshire.

Civil List Pensions

Sir,—In his article "Civil List Pensions" (December 5) Nigel Cross stated that "In 1917, Oswald became the first and only author to give up a Civil List Pension". W. H. Hudson died in 1922 and in 1923 Viscount Grey of Fallodon created an "Appreciation" of him which was included in the volume *Dead Men's Pockets*. *An Old Woman's Pockets*, published in Derry's collected edition of Hudson's works, in this "Appreciation", after referring to the Civil List Pension which had been bestowed on Hudson, Viscount Grey wrote: "Towards the end of his life, when his books were being brought in some income, he consulted a friend as to giving up the pension. It was certain that his means could not be very large, and the advice given was that he should resign the pension, but he did not."

DAVID R. DEWAR.
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Future Imperfect

Sir,—As a director of the organization that sponsored the seminar upon which *Future Imperfect* was based, I would appreciate the opportunity to comment on Tom Shippey's review of the book (November 27). We agreed to the book being discussed because it was felt that it would be of interest to a wider audience than we had invited, at our expense. The book is a collection of essays, some of which we might have spent our money on better on candles in the local church. Shippey believes, not only in, but also, that the book is a collection of essays, some of which we might have spent our money on better on candles in the local church. Shippey believes, not only in, but also, that the book is a collection of essays, some of which we might have spent our money on better on candles in the local church.

'Finnegans Wake'

Sir,—In his recent review of my work (December 12) A. Walton Litz states: "The problem with *Annotations to 'Finnegans Wake'* is that the dense lines of *Finnegans Wake* can only be glossed with a few abbreviated clues." The experienced reader can convert this shorthand into an elaborate interpretation, but the beginner will have to use the *Annotations* as a rough index to the critical literature. Professor Litz's image of a "beginner" seems very fanciful to me. The process of learning to grasp *Finnegans Wake* is not really one of studying "critical literature", but rather of a slow repetition of reading-through of the *Wake* itself. The demand that makes one leave little patience for the hasty, hasty of miscellaneous published commentary that exists. All the self-respecting beginner should require is a list of the significant components of the *Wake* words. By this I mean such items as are immediately obvious, but which are unimmediately there, and help to make for context and continuity. Now, *Annotations* is the only available source which will provide those components at a glance. And I am glad to be able to describe the work of his text as "short-hand". Admittedly, it does not say who Vico and Bruno were, but they are glossed in the four-page "Abbreviations" at the beginning of *Annotations*, as are other matters that appear too often to be introduced from scratch every time they crop up. As for the sentence being a four-part microcosm of the *Wake*, there are so many four-part microcosms, and many of them much clearer than this one, that I made it a rule only to label the really prime examples. The really prime examples, I think, are those which I have glossed quite enough to be going on with. I would suggest that a copy of *Annotations* ought to supply enough reading material for the first year of his investigations, at any rate.

ROLAND MCGUGH.
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Down in the Jungle

Sir,—"Down in the Jungle/Living in a tent/Better than a pre-fab—/No rent!", quoted by D. J. Enright in his review of *Counting-Out Rhymes* (December 19) as being assigned to "Lincolnshire 1932" is a distinctly remembered hearing on a BBC radio comedy show (Charlie Chester? Whilpitt Quirk?) about the same time, give or take a few years.

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'Understanding Poetry'

Sir,—I do not know whether Helen McNeill (November 28) has read *Understanding Poetry* in the classroom, but it is difficult to understand how she feels justified in calling its approach "mechanistic". In every edition I have used, from 1950 through to 1976, the authors have repeatedly stressed the organic nature of poetry. "Certainly it is not to be thought of as a group of mechanically combined elements—meter, rhyme, figurative language, ideas, and so on—but together to make a poem." It is not to be thought of as a poem to be put together to make a poem. It is to be thought of as a poem to be put together to make a poem.

As for the "leading questions" about "For the Union Dead", in the present generation of undergraduates, *Understanding Poetry* is almost as remote as the Civil War. They need to be aware of the fact that the poem is a poem, and that it is a poem. They need to be aware of the fact that the poem is a poem, and that it is a poem. They need to be aware of the fact that the poem is a poem, and that it is a poem.

JOHN G. BOWEN.
The Hampden School, Lakeville, Connecticut 06039.

Among this week's contributors

VALERIE ADAMS is a lecturer in English at University College London.

ROSEMARY ASHTON's *The German Idea: Four English Writers and the Reception of German Thought 1800-1860* was published last year.

NICOLAS BARKER is head of conservation at the British Library.

ANTHONY BURCHES's most recent novel, *Earthly Powers*, was published in 1980.

JOHN BUXTON's books include *Byron and Shelley: the History of a Friendship*, 1968.

A. S. BYATT's most recent novel is *The Virgin in the Garden*, 1979.

RICHARD COBB's most recent book, *Promenades*, was published last year.

J. M. COCKING is Emeritus Professor of French at King's College, London. His *Marcel Proust* was published in 1975.

PATRICK COLLINSON's most recent book is *Archbishop Grindal 1519-1583: the Struggle for a Reformed Church*, 1979.

ANN CORNELISON's most recent book, *Flight from Torregreca*, was published last year.

PATRICIA CRAIG's critical study *The Lady Investigates: Women Detectives and Spies in Fiction*, a collaboration with Mary Cadogan, will be published by Gollancz in February.

VALENTINE CUNNINGHAM is the editor of *The Penguin Book of Spanish Poetry*, 1976.

MAURINO D'AMICO is a lecturer in English at the University of Rome.

DOUGLAS DUNN's new collection of poems, *St. Kilda's Parliament*, will be published later this year.

KVRL FITZLYON's books include *Before the Revolution*, 1978.

P. N. FURBAN's books include *Italo Svevo*, 1966, and *E. M. Forster: A Life*, 1976-8.

GORDON S. HAIGHT is General Editor of the Clarendon Edition of the Novels of George Eliot.

NORMAN HAMMOND is the author of *The Life and Opinions of Maximilian Robespierre*, 1975.

PETER HEDERLICH's most recent book is *The New Inquisition: Schillebeeckx and Küng*, 1980.

WILLIAM WALSH's books include *Commonwealth Literature*, 1973, and *P. R. Leavis*, 1980.

PHILIP WARRNER's most recent book is *The D Day Landings*, 1980.

THAI HILTON's books include *The Pre-Raphaelites*, 1970, and *Picasso*, 1976.

MICHAEL HOWARD is Regius Professor of Modern History at the University of Oxford.

ERIC KORN is an antiquarian book-dealer in London.

HERMIONE LEE is the author of *The Novels of Virginia Woolf*, 1977.

GWYNNE LEWIS is Senior Lecturer in History at the University of Warwick.

EDWARD LUCIF-SMITH's books include *Movements in Art Since 1945*, 1969.

R. A. MARCUS's books include *Saeculum: History and Society in the Theology of St Augustine*, 1970, and *Christianity in The Roman World*, 1975.

T. P. MATTHEWS is Deputy Director of the Shakespeare Institute at the University of Birmingham.

ROGER METTAM is a lecturer in History at Queen Mary College, London. His books include *Governments and Society in Louis XIV's France*, 1977.

BRIAN MONTGOMERY is the author of *A Field-Marshal in the Family*, 1973.

IDRIS PARRY was Professor of German at the University of Manchester from 1963 to 1978.

CLIVE T. PROBYN is Senior Lecturer in English at the University of Lancaster.

GRAHAM REYNOLDS's books include *A Concise History of Watercolour Painting*, 1972.

SIR STEVEN RUNCIMAN's books include *A History of The Crusades*, 1951-54, and *Mistra*, 1980.

ANDREW SAINT is Architectural Editor of *The Survey of London*.

STUART SUTHERLAND is Professor of Experimental Psychology at the University of Sussex.

JULIAN SYMONS's most recent book, the crime novel *Sweet Adelaide*, was published last year.

D. M. THOMAS's new novel, *The White Hotel*, will be reviewed shortly in the TLS.

WILLIAM WALSH's books include *Commonwealth Literature*, 1973, and *P. R. Leavis*, 1980.

PHILIP WARRNER's most recent book is *The D Day Landings*, 1980.

Author, Author

Readers are invited to identify the sources of the three quotations which follow and to send us the answers to the quiz. The first office note later than Friday, January 30. A prize of £10 is offered for the first correct set of answers to be opened, or failing that, the most nearly correct—in which case inspired guesswork will also be taken into consideration.

1. Involve the Founder's mighty name, And boast of Gray's fame: For this is very sure: what he Who misses the latest jubilee Shall not improbably be vexed. By missing equally the next. Then let us resolutely strive This mighty fact to keep alive: And, as a further proof, the truth In our issue of January 1981.

2. I think it's worth while coming. Father's dead: He used to, but the business now is mine. It's time for change, in nineteen twenty-nine.

3. Take your ease, pale-haired admirer, As I, half the century later, Pour a vintage Mazovian through the Marks and Spence strainer (Lithuan made).

4. As for the "leading questions" about "For the Union Dead", in the present generation of undergraduates, *Understanding Poetry* is almost as remote as the Civil War. They need to be aware of the fact that the poem is a poem, and that it is a poem. They need to be aware of the fact that the poem is a poem, and that it is a poem.

5. I think we are in rats' waste. —T. S. Eliot, *The Waste Land*.

6. In the rat race he won by a whisker. Bitching and bitching in the double bed. She came unexpectedly, while he was standing waiting. A voice from a jar of vasoline. "This too is love". —Gavin Ewart, "Lifelines".

7. Now, Muse, let's sing of fets James Grainger, *The Sugar Cane* (in its original version —see Boswell's Life of Johnson).

8. I think we are in rats' waste. —T. S. Eliot, *The Waste Land*.

9. In the rat race he won by a whisker. Bitching and bitching in the double bed. She came unexpectedly, while he was standing waiting. A voice from a jar of vasoline. "This too is love". —Gavin Ewart, "Lifelines".

10. Back in 1955!

The American Trust for the BL

By Nicolas Barker

American generosity is a national characteristic which like American wealth, we have come to take for granted. At a time when the revaluation of the pound seen against the dollar seems to be making nonsense of the wealth, how moving it is to read, in the letter from six distinguished Americans in last week's TLS, of another marked instance of American generosity, the foundation of The American Trust for the British Library. One cannot but be struck, not so much by the potential size of the endowment, as by the imaginative sympathy that has conceived it. The British Library is, literally, a new institution, no older than the British Library Act (1973) that established it; in other words, however, it (or rather part of it) is the core of the British Museum building at Bloomsbury, the place where a cumulative series of British Libraries, beginning with Edward IV's and embracing Sir Robert Cotton's, Sir Hans Sloan's, George III's, the scientific books of Sir Joseph Banks, the comissaire's collections of Gravel and Cracchero, now rest. Why then should Americans wish to benefit such an institution? What has it done that should command their famous generosity?

The great common experience, the joint past that divided in 1782, only to come together again in so many ways, is also represented in those older collections, so that for many American scholars, Bloomsbury has become the first of all the places of pilgrimage where source material may be sought. Here Americans are not perhaps specially favoured, but within the space of a few months, two men whose names are never likely to be forgotten entered the British Museum building for the first time. One was the aged and distinguished American historian William H. Hodge, who, in his late in the day (for his sight was going), some of the sources from which at second hand, he had built his great histories of the Conquest of Mexico and Peru. The other was Karl Marx, young and unknown, whose theories were built on the books he read in the Library during the years of exile. Over the last 130 years the successors of Prescott and Marx have come to enlarge their own experience and, in however small a degree, leave their mark too on the form and shape of the Library. Of these by far the largest non-native group has been American.

Why do American students come to the British Library in such numbers? This was the first question to which the founders of the new trust addressed themselves. Its resources are great, but so are the resources of the National Library of the Escorial, their own Library of Congress. It was not, they concluded, more size, but the calculated and far-sighted plan of Sir Anthony Panizzi (1797-1879), the greatest of librarians, left the last in reputation. The American scholars, Panizzi was an Italian refugee who saw more clearly than his English-speaking contemporaries what rich mines for scholarship his adopted language was opening up. His first demand was for early purchase funds. In 1846 he got them: £10,000 a year, an astronomical sum at that time. His second act was to enlist a young American bookseller, as imaginative, energetic and sharp as himself, Francis Stevens, as a partner. Stevens had already begun to make inroads into the established European book trade on behalf of American libraries. Panizzi's plan was to sweep American for us as you have done London for America. Stevens' sweep embraced old books and new, from the great classics of discovery to the latest reports of the legislature in the newest state. Between 1850 and 1880, in the space of only thirty years, the library's holdings in this field were greatly increased, to make it far and away the biggest and finest collection of material on, or printed in, America anywhere in the world outside the United States.

When they started, Panizzi and Stevens had what was already the strongest base in books and manuscripts, for the sign of every nation of America. The incomparable wealth, ranging from the documents of the states' legislatures to trade catalogues, that they added, transformed as well as enlarged the library. Before the end of the nineteenth century the combined collections came to represent a view of America both wide and knowledgeable. It involved a prodigious investment, not so much of money as of time and fascination with a distant country. It was an act of faith in the republic that was growing so rapidly across the Atlantic, an act which has now commanded recognition in return.

During a later period, however, as the members of the Advisory Council point out in their letter, this scale of acquisition was not maintained. In 1887 the library's annual purchase grant was nearly halved, and not until the 1950s were funds again made available to collect American material on a satisfactory scale. The effect of this long period of relative neglect was augmented by the loss through bombing during the Second World War of nine thousand volumes in the American collections. As a result of those limitations and losses, there remain considerable gaps, which are an impediment to the most effective use of the library by those engaged in United States studies.

Moreover, it is not simply a significant book by one or two famous authors that is missing: the holdings are far from satisfactory in a wide range of publications of every kind, such as scholarly journals, magazines, and newspaper files; books, not just on the humanities and social sciences, but covering the vast range of scientific and technical subjects, fields in which American research and publication have been singularly important; a mass of official documents from federal, state and local governments.

So the primary purpose of the American Trust is to enable the British Library to make up the ground lost between the 1880s and 1950s, to raise funds for the purchase of publications which the library has never possessed and for the replacement of material lost in the last war. Thus, the library's position as the greatest resource outside the United States for research into every aspect of American life and thought will be effectively reinforced in its one weak point. But modern technology can give this supplement a double benefit. Much of the material required is either unavailable in its original form or was printed on paper now so fragile that often it can only be provided in some kind of photographic reproduction. Moreover, even books on paper that seem strong enough now will deteriorate in the future. As the originals will be sought in American libraries the process of reproduction will serve a double purpose.

Not only will the British Library have its own "reproduction" provision will make possible the provision of other copies and will thus contribute to the preservation of the disintegrating research materials published during the last hundred years. As preservation has been a matter of anxiety for libraries for many years, this new prospect will be universally welcomed.

It is agreeable to record that the British Library itself has welcomed this initiative with vigorous reciprocal action. Space, finance and administrative support are being provided; additional research staff, funded by the generous grant transferred to the library of over £50,000 from the Leverhulme Trust, will draw up the lists of material to be acquired. The aim is to list not only all necessary American publications, but works on America published outside the United States and American writings on subjects unconnected with the country itself. Shelf-space, cataloguing, a comprehensive guide to the American collections in the British Library—all these are to be provided by the library itself.

The American Trust has only recently launched its appeal. It is too early yet to appreciate the full force of the generosity, the desire to reciprocate that early gesture of faith in the future of America, that it will doubtless generate. But it has immediately become clear, from the number of subscriptions to the Trust already received from individuals, that its cause is one that will appeal beyond the traditional sources of American charity to a wide variety of donors. This support is a vivid confirmation of the strength of feeling which the British Library, the position that it occupies in Anglo-American relations, and the real sense of its needs that Americans wish to express.

The work of the Trust is aptly summarized in the words of Bernard Bailyn, Winthrop Professor of History in Harvard University: "The American Trust for the British Library is more than an agency for furthering Anglo-American scholarship. The British Library is a center for students from all over the world, to whom will never be able to study in the United States. The more complete the Library's American collection, therefore, the broader the understanding of American life throughout the world is likely to be. This collection is an American as well as a British resource, and one can only hope that support from all quarters will enable the Trust to complete this work promptly."

There is every sign that this hope will be fulfilled. Mr Douglas W. Bryant, the Trust's Executive Director, has established his office in Cambridge, Massachusetts (PO Box 463, Cambridge 02138), and will welcome inquiries. (The ATBL newsletter referred to in Panizzi's letter has now been published and is available from Mr Bryant.) We, who share Panizzi's faith in America, must wish him and his colleagues success in a venture as imaginative as it is generous.

POSTAGE: INLAND 13p ABROAD 13p
SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. (Postmaster: Please send address changes to THE AMERICAN TRUST FOR THE BRITISH LIBRARY, 100 EAST 42ND STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017.)

Love is a physical force: They gravitated to each other immediately.
Love is patient: The marriage is dead—it can't be revived.
Love is madness: She drives me out of my mind.
Love is magic: The magic is gone.
Love is war: He made an ally of her mother.

METAPHORS We Live By

George Lakoff and Mark Johnson

The authors show that our ordinary, everyday language is metaphorical in ways we do not usually notice: that we customarily perceive, think, and act in terms of metaphorical concepts that we are not directly aware of; and that our most basic concepts of love, work, time, status, happiness, health, and communication are understood metaphorically. December 19

The Bismarck factor

By Steven Englund

ALLEN MITCHELL:
The German Influence in France
after 1870
Vol. I, The Formation of the French Republic
279pp. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press.

Ever since the publication of Renan's *Réforme intellectuelle et morale* in 1871, the question of the German presence in all areas of French life after the Franco-Prussian war has been a subject of discussion by contemporaries and scholars. The theme of the Reich's over-weening influence on its vanquished neighbour's economy, society, and polity in the generation after Sedan has become something of a leitmotif of French history. The American historian, Allen Mitchell, whose long fascination with the interview of late nineteenth-century Franco-German history has already produced a fine short work in *Bismarck and the French* (1971)—time bids fair to turn a leitmotif into the *canon firmus*.

Specifically, Mitchell argues that without due consideration of the German impact in France (after 1870), the history of the Third Republic is incomplete and in some respects, incomprehensible. [It is an important section of the national history of France throughout, covered; and thus the creation of a republican mentality cannot be explained in strictly French terms nor its origins traced solely from French sources. No one to miss words nor hide in ambiguities, he thus sets himself a formidable task in the tradition of Pléville, Mornet, Palmer, or Guéhenne to wit, the reconstituting of a familiar chronology in the elucidation of a very particular, original, and important section of the national history of France throughout, covered; and thus the creation of a republican mentality cannot be explained in strictly French terms nor its origins traced solely from French sources.

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and wishes that we have often known of from this or that study, but never (until now) had laid out for us systematically and with such evidence to support it.

The Chancellor and his minions indeed scrutinized French affairs, as the piles of largely unexploited German archives attest. Nothing took place within the Hexagon of the 1870s—neither a shipment of cavalry horses nor the outpourings of an ultramontane bishop—that Hohenzollern, von Arnim, or von Bülow didn't report to the autocrat of Friedrichshagen. So far, so good. The unfolding of the story from this perspective offers considerable fascination in its own right, while Mitchell's insights and observations on French history in general are often remarkably well taken.

The author gets into trouble, however, in the periodic asides and codas in which he over-presents his case—claiming a more genuinely

Cross-Channel traffic

By Roger Mettam

DOUGLAS JOHNSON, FRANÇOIS CROUZET and FRANÇOIS BEDARIDA (Editors)
Britain and France
Ten Centuries
375pp. Folkestone: Dawson, £20.
0 7129 0831 5

The EEC Budget, English lamb, French apples, New Zealand butter, blacked French ports, disgraced imports in the New Hebrides—the last year has shown that Anglo-French relations are proceeding as usual, despite Mrs Thatcher's recent insistence that they are improving. This book, by examining the thousand years of the history of the two nations, hopes to promote greater mutual understanding between them. It appears under the auspices of the Franco-British Council, a body set up in 1972 to do just that. Twenty-eight distinguished contributors, mostly historians, discuss not only the important moments when our two countries have been closely linked, usually in combat, but also the different ways in which they have responded to the major problems confronting European states in the last two progress from medieval monarchies to modern nations.

Each topic is discussed in English by a pair of authors, one from each country, whose most striking characteristic is often their enthusiasm, untypical of their countrymen in general. The authors are generally chided at times for their excessive Anglo or francophilia. Thus in the introduction, François Crouzet sees English history as a "success story", that of France as a preposterous "tragedy" of lost opportunities, while Douglas Johnson emphasizes that modern Britain has failed to seize many opportunities, especially in Europe. At least they agree that both countries are at present in decline, have similar problems and should work together to overcome the "entente" have been rare, and have been accompanied by underlying suspicions about the motives of the other side. Today cross-Channel mistrust and gloom at each other's misfortunes still persist.

The book begins with the Middle Ages, when the English nobility was French in both origin and language. The Capetian monarchy had the greater aura, but faced greater opposition from provincial elites, who preferred to detach their local privileges rather than play a role in the big centre. English kings were sometimes despised and reviled, but had a more centralized system of government. The French provincial cities of today were already established, whereas English medieval towns would be a mere shadow of their modern counterparts. The industrial revolution moved the English foot to new struts. Anticlericalism appeared to a wider range of social groups north of the Channel, while in the realm of the Most Christian King the establishment identified itself with the nation.

The most disappointing contribution comes, surprisingly, from Denis Rickard, who discusses the anti-Semite revolution of the 16th century, which, although allowing

decisive or determining role for the German influence than his evidence has demonstrated. In part Mitchell suffers from the immense difficulties of analysing overdetermined and complex historical events, as how can one disentangle the German thread from all the rest, and at what level of historical causation? In this regard his book would have benefited considerably from a nuanced historiographical introduction that laid out precisely the differences among historical triggers, precipitants, causes, and trends (as Lawrence Stone did in his *Causes of the English Revolution*). Thus, even in so "straightforward" a matter as the Breagie government's two-month silencing of the rabidly ultramontane (and temporarily revanchist) newspaper *L'Univers*—one of the relatively few instances where Mitchell is able to adduce an unambiguously central role for the Chancellor in French domestic affairs—it is not at all clear to this

reader that the Duc's government would not have done the same thing at another date. In this instance, therefore, the German role was crucial only as the trigger of a not terribly important event.

In more important matters, the Reich almost invariably failed to get its way unless its wishes corresponded to the outcome of complex internal forces and trends in France. For all Bismarck's disapproval of the clerical monarchist forces (who, he believed—or feigned to believe—would lead France into a revenge war with the Reich), the Chancellor proved utterly unable to prevent the fall of Thiers (with whom he was pleased to deal) or the advent of MacMahon (whom he disliked).

The crucial test for a direct and determining German role in major French political affairs arises, as Mitchell agrees, with the Seize Mai crisis. The author's array of evidence here gives ample proof of

recurs from the earliest chapters of the book. In medieval England local administrators were amateurs, in France professionals. In the eighteenth century the English were better practical seamen, the more aristocratic French officers better trained in science and strategy. Also British ships built and manned more cheaply, through private enterprise and impressment, France preferring that the government should build the ships and conscript the crews, both of which were more costly. Private enterprise is again evident in the aristocratic planning of Belgrade and Bloomsbury, whereas the extensive schemes for urban renewal in nineteenth-century France were instigated by the state.

At no time did the pace of change differ more widely than in the experience of "industrial revolution". Patrick O'Brien contrasts the veritable explosion in Britain, and the stagnation in France, with the regrettable still too few Englishmen and Frenchmen who will treat their weight to it and embrace it in the middle.

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The Frankish establishment

By Steven Runciman

BERNARD HAMILTON:
The Latin Church in the Crusader States
The Secular Church
409pp. Variorum Publications. £18.
0 86078 072 4

There has been a vogue for Crusader history in recent years. Several excellent short histories of the Crusading movement have appeared. The political, social, economic and artistic aspects of the Crusades have been covered. Admirable all has been done on the Knights Hospitaller; and if the Knights Templar have been less fully treated it is because of the dearth of documentation, until we come to the sorry story of their suppression. But the secular church in the Crusader states has hitherto been neglected. The Crusades were launched to restore to the Holy Land Christian authority and Christian worship; and the Church was therefore bound to play a pivotal part in the government and administration of the conquered territory. Indeed, Pope Urban II, when he launched the Crusade, may well have intended that the government of the Holy Land should be in ecclesiastical hands. But harsh realities were to show this necessary for a strong lay government.

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Patriarchate of Antioch, which was the Patriarchate for all Asia, apart from Anatolia and Palestine, took precedence over that of Jerusalem, which only administered Palestine. But the Kingdom of Jerusalem considered itself to be superior to the Patriarchate of Antioch. Its chief prelate ought to have precedence, moreover, the Kingdom included the city of Tyre, whose archbishopric was historically under the Antiochene Patriarchate, but was transferred to Jerusalem. The two Patriarchates were perpetually resentful of each

